National Anti-Slavery Standard.

S. H. GAY, OLIVER JOHNSON, } ..... Editors.

Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

EDMUND QUINCY, Corresponding Editor

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Selections.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

THE Annual Meeting of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society was held on Monday evening, the 16th of May, in Exeter Hall, the Earl of Shaftesbury in the chair. Owing to the intense interest on the question of Slavery recently excited in the public mind, and to the presence of the authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the meeting was one of the largest, if not the very largest, that has been held by the Society since that which closed the so-called World's Convention of 1840, when we sat by the side of Garrison, and saw Clarkson the last time he appeared in a public meeting, and heard one of the noblest of the many noble Anti-Slavery orations of O'Connell

This meeting of the 16th of May was a vast and imposing gathering. The great hall was filled to such overflowing, that at one time the proceedings were unpleasantly interrupted by calls for the police to clear the passages, and by the cries of distressed females crushed and endangered by the mighty throng. It is but reasonable to suppose that many who came were attracted by the wish to see the principal "lioness" of the season. Mrs. Stowe sat in the front row of the small side gallery to the right of the platform, side by side with the stately and majestic Duchess of Sutherland, who welcomed her cordially on her entrance, and rose to support her when she stood for a moment to acknowledge the repeated and enthusiastic plaudits of the assembly. It was a fine thing to see so many hearts stirred by the weak bodily presence of this great scene-painter of the House of Bondage

The great room at Exeter Hall contained as many as it could hold. Perhaps there were six thousand persons present. If there had been room for twice as many, we believe they would have been there, for vast numbers were obliged to go away. Great as it is, the hall is easily filled by a moderately strong voice, and it is airy and well lit. The people were full of enthusiasm and eager expectation. The meeting lasted from half-past six o'clock to ten o'clock P.M. There could not have been a finer opportunity for an Anti-Slavery meeting in the British Islands; yet we went away heartily crest-fallen and disappointed.

What is the object of holding a great Anti-Slavery meeting in London at the present time? The arrangements are difficult, onerous, and expensive, and such an opportunity should not be thrown away. People do not come merely to hear the evil character of Slavery depicted, or to have the shortcomings of the American church portrayed, or the participancy of the northern States pointed out, or the horrors of the system enlarged upon. All these things have been well done by Mrs. Stowe in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and still more impressively in the "Key," which by this time is in the hands of tens of thousands. A great public meeting such as this should always be as much as possible a meeting of business. Nor should the time be exhausted in compliments to Mrs. Stowe, or mawkish talk about the "gentle Eva," nor in fulsome flattery to Lord Shaftesbury, mixed up with heavy clerical jokes and diatribes against popery. Mrs. Stowe has been abundantly lauded, and we do not grudge her the thanks and admiration she so well deserves. In London meetings we have been frequently disgusted by the adulation poured out upon any members of the aristocracy who did themselves the honour of taking part in philanthropic efforts. This was not a proper opportunity for talking about popery.

The true business of a great Anti-Slavery gathering should be to point out to the assembled hearers, and through them to the British public, the best means of forwarding the abolition of Slavery. If you have nothing better for six or seven thousand people than glorification, tuft-hunting, or twaddle, you had better let them stay at home. It is giving thorns for grapes and thistles for figs. Lord Shaftesbury made a hearty introductory speech, which will tell across the Atlantic, since it showed that a British peer, of high consideration from his position and his sympathy for the suffering and the poor at home, is also hearty in his horror of American Slavery. The remarks of the Rev. Samuel Ward in defence of that cardinal principle of the Abolition enterprise, "immediate, not gradual emancipation," were listened to with great interest; and so were his touching anecdotes illustrative of the prejudice against colour, and of the duty of the British public to withstand the insolent demands of the slaveholders. He said that on his passage to England he had been obliged to take his meals alone, though paying the full first class fare, on the plea that the Southern customers of the Messrs. Cunard would not sit at the saloon table with a coloured man. Mr. Ward is a full-blooded negro, as black as ebony. He is a clergyman, a man of ability and education, and a British subject. It is clear that if the demands of American slaveholders be allowed to pass unchallenged, they will not fail to extend their insolent and cruel pretensions far beyond the geographical and political boundaries of their system. This is fearfully evident in the free States of the American Union. It is extending into Canada, and we are not without occasional marks of the serpent's trail on our own soil. Apart from the speeches of Lord Shaftesbury and the Rev. Mr. Ward, the greater part of three and a-half mortal hours was occupied by the other speakers in out-pourings that were either mischievor not to the purpose. In the former class we include the speech of the Rev. Professor Stowe, husband of the renowned authoress; in the latter, nearly all that was said by all the other speakers. Professor Stowe took the bull by the horns. He alone addressed himself to the business of the meeting, and asked what was to be done for the abolition of Slavery. The number and the power of the slaveholders have unquestionably increased with the growth of the culture and consumption of American cotton; and of all the cotton raised by American slaves, four-fifths are consumed in the British Islands. He enumerated three ways of putting an end to Slavery. First, by a bloody revolution—which nobody desires; secondly, by convincing the planters of their guilt, so as to induce them to proclaim the day of emancipation. This, he said, it is useless to anticipate. Thirdly, by leaving off the use of slave-grown cotton; and this remedy is in the hands of the British people. Throwing aside the value of all appeals to the conscience, the religious and moral feelings, and all regard for sound policy and national consistency among the Americans; taking no notice whatever of the labours, sacrifices, and success of the American Abolitionists, this Utopian proposal was the only plan which Professor Stowe had to offer to the assembled thousands of Exeter Hall!

If the Abolitionists both here and in America were to take him at his word, and abandoning all their appeals to the hearts and intellects of the civilized world, should throw "Uncle Tom" into the fire, pitch the "Key" out of the window, and confine their efforts to the search after free-grown cotton, the South would ask no better. They would rejoice and be exceeding glad. They would rely in perfect tranquility on the assurance of their own common sense, that no such plan could ever sensibly lessen the value of "slave property." Messrs. Cobden and Bright might with as much propriety have attempted to abolish the Corn Laws, by recommending the British people to abstain from eating bread made of wheat the fruit of the monopolized soil of England. This would have been hardly more extravagant or preposterous than the invitation to abstain from the use of American cotton. We must have cotton, as we must have bread. But it is not necessary that the cotton should be grown by slaves. There is a much greater chance of weakening the slave power by exposing its folly and enormity, than by directing the thirty millions who consume cotton to such an analysis of the component materials of the clothes on their backs, and such a knowledge of the lands they come from and the hands that produced them, as shall enable them to trace the strange eventful history so clearly from the tailor and sempstress to the draper, from the draper to the warehouseman, from the warehouseman to the cotton-spinner, from the cotton-spinner to the importer, from the importer to the New York merchant, from the New York merchant to the planter, and from the planter learn so accurately the condition of his field hands, whether bond or free, as shall enable the thirty millions aforesaid to strike an intelligent blow against any further consumption of slave grown cotton. We respect the motives of those who abstain from articles of food or clothing produced by slave labour, when they do so to satisfy conscientious scruples. But when they propose to turn aside the battle from a moral struggle with the slaveholders and their clerical and political abettors, we regard the project as alike mischievous and extravagant.

Now let us suppose that the Barbary corsairs are still as lively as ever, and that the ship on board which Professor Stowe and his illustrious wife left their native shores had been boarded off the Irish coast, and Mrs. Stowe carried into Algiers and set to cultivate dates; whilst the ship, including the learned Professor, was allowed to finish her voyage in peace. We think it extremely unlikely that, on his arrival in England, the bereaved husband would limit his appeals to our sympathy to an earnest entreaty to abstain altogether from Barbary dates, until the growers were starved into the restoration of their prey. His measures, we fancy, would be more hearty, energetic, prompt, and effectual. He would warn all good Christians and all honest men against religious fraternization or political union with the Algerines; he would enforce the horrible cruelty and injustice of piracy; he would leave no stone unturned, no means untried, compatible with truth, justice, and humanity, to procure the restoration of Mrs. Stowe. He would feel for the slave as bound with her. He would laugh at all who should tell him that the sinners were not so much the pirates and their open abettors as the good easy people who eat dates. Mr. Stowe's speech will not irritate the slaveholder or give him the slightest uneasiness, but it threw a very cold wet blanket on the enthusiasm of his hearers in Exeter Hall. We exceedingly regretted the loss of such a splendid opportunity of telling the multitude that "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "The White Slave," Mr. Goodell's new book, and other works which are now enlightening the English people respecting American Slavery, would never have been written but for the previous labours of a number of men and women known in the United States by the name of "Abolitionists," and hardly mentioned in Exeter Hall, who for the last twenty years have devoted their lives, fortunes and talents to the gigantic labour of enlightening the consciences of the American people. The battle of freedom for the slave must be fought in the United States, and no Anti-Slavery effort in these countries can result in much benefit to the cause, unless the English people be taught to extend their sympathy and aid to the American Abolitionists. We have often heard of the Tragedy of Hamlet having been enacted at some country village, with the omission of the part of Hamlet by particular desire; but we never saw the thing done so completely as in the meeting of the 16th of May in Exeter Hall, where six or seven thousand persons were sent away after three hours and a half talking, without some hearty attempt being made to show them how to expend their Anti-Slavery zeal in a better and more effectual way than in the manifestation of a fruitless though honest enthusiasm.

While we saw on the platform such men as Mr. J. Miller M'Kim, Secretary to the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, Rev. Edward Mathews of Wisconsin, Professor Allen of Magrawville College, New York, William Craft, and Wm. Wells Brown, we could not but lament that it had not entered into the arrangements of the committee for the voices of these gentlemen to have been heard in such an assembly. Had Mr. M'Kim illustrated the Anti-Slavery movement in the United States, by giving some of the details with which he is so familiar in reference to the escape of fugitives; had Mr. Mathews related his suffering in the slave's cause, and proclaimed the unfaithfulness of the American Churches; had Mr. Craft described the escape of himself and his wife from the southern dungeon; had the coloured Professor told how his life was recently endangered in consequence of his being engaged to marry a white lady; had Mr. Brown uttered one of his instructive and forcible appeals; a degree of useful information would have been imparted which would have vastly increased the interest and value of the meeting.—*Anti-Slavery Advocate.*

AN ABOLITIONIST OF THE RIGHT SORT.

IT happened on a time—somewhere about the end of August in last year—that an excellent man and a staunch Abolitionist, a visiter from Boston, U. S., made an after-dinner speech on a public occasion in England. Further, it happened that, in that generous moment when mortals are most disposed to praise and be praised, this friendly stranger thought he might accomplish a double object, by gratifying the nationality of his entertainers while indulging a like weakness, or a like pride, in his own breast. And so he proceeded at once to place England in the van of the nations; though not quite alone there. One other nation there was—his own—alike distinguished with her for "laws, household manners, institutions, and religion;" and, amidst the wrecked "hopes of liberty elsewhere crushed to the earth," it was alike the object of his fervent invocation that these, "the only two bulwarks of freedom, should fraternize with each other."

Of course the applause was vociferous, and the sentiment acknowledged without dissentient voice. Nevertheless, a dissentient was found in the columns of the London *Examiner* of September 11th, and some not unmerited reproofs administered to the framer of a parallelism so flagrantly at variance with the real condition of things. In the following number of that journal, it was contended by a writer who signed himself "An Englishman," that a great injustice had been done to the distinguished visiter—no other than Ellis Gray Loring, Esq.—than whom none was more honoured in the ranks of American Abolitionists, and none more assiduous and devoted than he in the great and arduous work they undertook. The name of Mr. Loring was a sufficient guarantee of the truth of this vindication; and in the *Examiner* of September 25th, the Rev George Armstrong, the writer of the former letter, hastened to make a full reparation for any injustice into which he might have been betrayed in his forgetfulness of that gentleman's real position and claims; an inadvertency which, however to be regretted, was the more readily to be pardoned, considering Mr. Loring had so strangely forgotten his Abolitionism in putting into the same category two nations, in the one of which a slave could not breathe, and the other reeking, from the quay of New Orleans to the harbour of Boston, with the living horror standing out in such startling delineation on the statute book of their nation.

To this correspondence, which for explanation's sake it was necessary thus far to retrace, the following article from the London *Examiner* forms a conclusion so honourable to Mr. Loring, and so distinctive of the spirit of every earnest and truthful "abhorrer" of Slavery, and, most of all, of Slavery in the bosom of a Christian republic, that we feel we are doing but justice to him and to the cause he so nobly loves and serves, by giving it to our readers entire:

AMERICAN SLAVERY.—Some of our readers will remember the animadversions of a correspondent, the Rev. George Armstrong, in this journal of the 11th and 25th of September last, occasioned by some remarks which fell from Mr. Ellis Gray Loring, at the Master Cutlers' Annual Feast at Sheffield, of a character rather too laudatory of his country, regarded as an equal sharer with England in the honour and glory of "teaching the nations how to live."

We have pleasure in acceding to Mr. Armstrong's desire that we should give a place in our columns to the subjoined answer of Mr. Loring to those animadversions. The feeling with which a genuine, as distinguished from a mere abstract "abhorrer of Slavery" in the United States, is willing to receive the most pointed strictures when honestly levelled at an institution which good men on both sides the Atlantic alike deplore, and would strenuously exert every nerve to uproot, is admirably illustrated in this letter.

BOSTON, Feb. 14, 1853.

My dear Sir: My first thought on reading in the *Examiner* your notice of my remarks at Sheffield, was to write you a note of thanks for your fidelity to the Anti-Slavery cause. It was, however, deferred for the time, and then other engagements consequent on my return home prevented my doing so until it seemed too late to recur to the subject. Quite recently, however, my friend Samuel May, Jr. has shown to me a letter from you, which has revived the original impulse.

As "bulwarks of freedom," in any but a very restricted sense, I confess with sorrow that I had no right to place England and America side by side. England, it is true, has still to answer for grievous social evils, but the worst of them are principally known to her traducers by the very freedom and publicity with which they are allowed to be examined and assailed; and though her movement may seem slow, it has been for many years past, on the whole, in the right direction. Ever since the accession to power of Mr. Canning, England has, with only partial exceptions, made steady progress in the reform of abuses and the vindication of popular rights, while the same period has been marked in this country with a succession of political victories of the Slave Power—a power whose unceasing aim is to make of the Union mainly an instrument to perpetuate Slavery at home and propagate it abroad.

That I have been an Abolitionist from the beginning, as urged in my behalf by a friendly hand in the *Examiner* (of September 18), certainly cannot break the force of your rebuke in this case. There is both sense and wit in your reply, that you could not be expected to remember this if I forgot it.

While therefore I believe that the heart of our people is better than their laws and government, I am bound to say that your criticism was sound, timely, and well-applied; and my sole regret is that I should have deserved it. I can only plead the imperfect apology of want of thought. The slaves of the United States are not often out of my mind when I am considering the political relations of my country; and if I had been speaking in America I could not have forgotten them. But on this occasion I was unexpectedly called up; and, as I am rather unpractised in speaking, was under some embarrassment. I had been for some months travelling in Germany and Italy, and while referring in the excitement of the moment to America and England as free countries, I was thinking (I confess it) not of personal liberty, but of constitutional government—everywhere crushed or menaced by the despots of Europe. More especially, however, was it in my heart (in view of the unreasonable mutual jealousies which often make enemies of natural friends) to express, with honest warmth, that sentiment of filial love for mother England, which, in spite of all her and our faults, animates the better portion of my countrymen.

Valuing the opinion of every upright man, I beg leave to subscribe myself,

Your obliged friend,

ELLIS GRAY LORING.

—*Anti-Slavery Advocate.*

MR. RONALD WRIGHT AND THE ANTI-SLAVERY MOVEMENT.

WE insert to-day a letter from Mr. Ronald Wright regarding our recent remarks on the proceedings of the Glasgow *New* Anti-Slavery Societies. The communication, however, we must say, is altogether irrelevant, and evades the only question upon which we stated any justification of the course pursued by these societies would be attended to by us—namely, our charge against the societies in question of sectarianism and exclusiveness, based on a leading article that appeared in No. 1 of the *Friend of the Fugitive*, the official publication of these parties. To this question Mr. Wright gives the entire go-by, and rather coolly turns round and requires us to prove that the new societies had separated from the old ones on sectarian grounds, and had announced that the negroes were only to be emancipated on evangelical principles, inaugurating the new movement by throwing dirt upon Mr. Lloyd Garrison.

The *onus*, however, having been thrown upon us, we shall endeavour to show the truth of these statements, although, from the diffuse and mystified style used in the societies' documents on these points, possibly somewhat to veil their views hereon from those unacquainted with the history of the Anti-Slavery cause, space will be necessarily occupied which we can at present ill spare.

The prospectus of the new Female Anti-Slavery Society, dated May, 1850, assigns as the reason for seceding from the old Glasgow Female Anti-Slavery Society that it aided the American Anti-Slavery Society, of which Mr. Garrison is the President, and states that "they had discovered that many zealous labourers in that country (America) have been making powerful efforts to propagate infidel notions;" and again, "that some American friends openly advocate Anti-Slavery on infidel principles." All this, and much more to the same effect, being stated of Mr. Garrison and the American Anti-Slavery Society. The circular of the said new Society, dated December, 1850, states that "their committee is composed of ladies of all the *evangelical* denominations in the city." Their last report of January, 1853, says that "the committee beg respectfully to state that they have been able to maintain hitherto the principles on which the association was at first established, viz., that no instrumentalities be used for the abolition of Slavery but such as are in harmony with the teaching of God in His Word." In this sentence much more is meant than meets the eye of the uninitiated reader; and as the members of committee previously announced that they were of *evangelical* denominations, and had withdrawn from the old Society because they believed some of the American Abolitionists to be too latitudinarian and infidel, these "instrumentalities" for freeing the negroes were no doubt, in their estimation, strictly within the range of what they consider *evangelical principles.*

No. 1. of the *Friend of the Fugitive*, for April, published by them, and sent us by themselves, and which first called our attention to their proceedings, commences thus: "The *Friend of the Fugitive* makes its appearance under the auspices of 'The Glasgow New Female Association for the Abolition of Slavery.' The advocacy of the Anti-Slavery principle in America from the platform and through the press has been so persistently mixed up with 'no human government,' sectarian and infidel views, &c., &c., that many friends of the slave could no longer countenance it. A new Society was therefore formed, with a view to enlist the sympathies and rouse the activities of *all* who were prepared, on *Christian* and *unsectarian* principles, to work for the deliverance of the captive." The first leading article in it, headed "No Slavery—No Infidelity," follows up the same cry with much disingenuous insinuation, casting much "dirt" upon Mr. Garrison, and leading the reader to infer that he is an infidel. In this article it is made—as it had been in some of their previous publications—a charge against Mr. Garrison that into the *Liberator* newspaper, his own private property, which he has always conducted as an *open* paper, he admits letters on both sides of any question, and that thus, in some letters from correspondents on points relating to Peace and Anti-Slavery, the authority and inspiration of the Bible have been discussed in its columns. These parties very unfairly endeavour to make Mr. Garrison out an infidel, by fastening on him the views of one set of his correspondents, but take care that he shall have no benefit or credit whatever for the views expressed by the other, the orthodox and evangelical among his contributors.

The second number of the *Friend of the Fugitive*, for May, continues in the same strain, and states that "The Glasgow New Female Association for the Abolition of Slavery originated in a desire on the part of a number of *Christian* friends to promote an Anti-Slavery movement which should have no connection with that party whose aim was to bring dishonour on the Bible and its institutions as much as to put an end to the crying evil of American Slavery. The new Association though not co-operating with the American Anti-Slavery Society, is nevertheless thoroughly Anti-Slavery in its constitution, design, and practical operations. In the stand it has taken on the side of the Bible, it yields to none in earnest zeal, and uncompromising activities, against that 'peculiar institution' which covers America with infamy and guilt! It has special claims on the support of *Christian Abolitionists.*" (The italics are theirs.) Many speeches delivered at *their* public meetings have been as nearly as possible to the same effect.

For Ronald Wright's more immediate personal performances in these matters, we need only refer to a series of letters written and published by him two years ago, in which he had so entirely to his own satisfaction bedaubed Mr. Garrison, that he actually had the modesty to give it as his opinion, that Mr. G. ought to withdraw from any longer taking a prominent part in the Anti-Slavery cause.

In the speeches delivered at the soiree to Mrs. Stowe, we find, however, a very surprising change of tone from those delivered at former meetings of these new Societies, as well as the spirit shown by these extracts from their publications, and that of their defender, Mr. R. Wright.

Not one of the speakers on this occasion drops even a hint that their secession from the old Societies arose from their belief of the infidelity of Mr Garrison and the American Anti-Slavery Society. The Rev. J. Guthrie, of Greenock, who has made this the burden of his speeches at former meetings, and who wrote the article in the *Friend of the Fugitive* for April, already alluded to (which periodical, by the way, was announced in the advertisements and bills for the soiree, and hawked for sale all over the hall), spoke at the soiree, but did not even make the least allusion to the sad necessity they had been under of parting from the old and tried friends of the cause here, on account of this alleged infidelity of the American Abolitionists. This silence, in such circumstances, appears very ominous. Had it to account for this surprising change of tone, been ascertained that Mrs. Stowe does not in the least degree sympathize with this cry of infidelity against Mr. Garrison and the American Anti-Slavery Society, but on the contrary actually frowns it down?

Since this alleged infidelity was the basis of the new Society's existence, and is still their watch-cry, why did none of the speakers on this occasion once venture to allude to it? It would have been a great matter for them to have had it sanctioned by Mrs Stowe and her friends from America. No; the wire pullers in the committee knew better, and that in place of confirmation of their dastardly attack on Mr. Garrison and the American Anti-Slavery Society, a testimony honourable alike to the private character and public conduct of Mr. Garrison as an Anti-Slavery leader would thus have been *publicly* called forth from the authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and that she would have at once declared publicly, to their discomfiture, what she has repeatedly done in private circles, "that Mr. Garrison is a noble man, for whom she has a very sincere friendship and respect."

We notice with pleasure one gratifying feature in the proceedings of the so-called working men's soirée to Mrs. Stowe, namely, the speech of Mr. Thomas Brown, which, in the circumstances, did him great credit. Mr. Brown must have been quite aware that the parties who arranged the meeting did not bring him there to bless Mr. Garrison and the American Anti-Slavery Society, nevertheless he did, altogether, in effect do so, by pronouncing upon them a very high eulogium, and declaring his regard for, and confidence in, them. This speech must have grated very harshly on the ears of some of the committee, Mr. Ronald Wright inclusive—the managers of the "Gentlemen's New Anti-Slavery Society," as they designated themselves in the bills; yet none of them ventured to gainsay one word spoken by the orator, whilst we doubt not that Messrs. Stowe and Beecher went fully and heartily along with him. We hope this speech sank into the minds of the committee, as it unquestionably did into the minds of the audience, and may lead them to reconsider their course. We know that Mr. Brown has been long acquainted with Anti-Slavery measures and parties in America and here; his testimony, therefore, on this occasion is not to be slightly put aside by the committees of these new Societies, male or female, many of them being mere novices in the cause.

We believe our readers will now be perfectly satisfied that our charges against these new Anti-Slavery Societies, as being in the highest degree sectarian, whilst professing to be unsectarian, are fully sustained; and that in their attempts to depreciate, proscribe, and ostracise such men as William Lloyd Garrison, and the many noble men and women who, for twenty long years, "faithful among the faithless found" to the slave, have composed the American Anti-Slavery Society, they merit not encouragement, but reprobation from all true and honest friends of civil and religious liberty, whether in Great Britain or America.

Should Mr. Wright, after this plain statement of the case against his clients and himself, seek to prolong the controversy and justify the course indicated, then perhaps we may deal with him in a more decided manner, for certainly he must greatly improve in his epistles if he means to make us a convert to his views.—*Glasgow Sentinel.*

SOUTH CAROLINA LAW.

SUPPOSE the Emperor of Hayti, or the Queen of Madagascar, were to decree that every *white* person who should enter the ports of his or her dominions should immediately be seized and sent to prison, there to remain at all events until the vessel that brought him should sail; when, if the captain saw fit to pay all charges, including the expenses of seizure and maintenance, the prisoner should be put on board the vessel and shipped off; but if not, then the guiltless victim, accused of nothing but a white skin, should be sold into Slavery to pay the costs aforesaid—and suppose several of our citizens had been actually subjected to this discipline—how should we regard the matter? Is it not clear that we should waste few words in remonstrance before sending a fleet to knock the walls of his capital and palace about the ears of the savage who could dare to conceive such an atrocity and dignify it with the name of Law?

South Carolina sees fit to maintain and enforce just such a law as we have depicted above—except that the object of its maledictions is the Black and not the White Race. And when Massachusetts sent to Charleston one of her most eminent and venerable citizens as a State Commissioner, charged officially with the duty of bringing the validity of this enactment, so far as it affected citizens of Massachusetts, before the highest legal tribunal in the land for adjudication, that illustrious Commissioner was driven out of the State by mob violence, which, had it not been readily deferred to, would probably have proceeded to take his life.

Massachusetts, thus disciplined, succumbed to the enslavers of her citizens without further resistance; and now Great Britain takes *her* turn. First, Manuel Pereira, a Portuguese subject, sailing in a British ship, and of course under British protection, was taken out of a vessel *driven into Charleston harbour by stress of weather*, and put into jail as aforesaid; whence arose a lawsuit that has not yet (we believe) terminated; and next Reuben Roberts, a coloured British West Indian, serving as steward or cook on a British vessel which visited Charleston in the regular way of business, was dealt with in like manner. An appeal on Habeas Corpus was resorted to in his behalf, returnable before the State Courts, which of course affirmed the State Law. Thence the case was duly carried up by writ of error to the Federal Courts, before which it is now pending, and likely to be brought to issue next winter.

The Nullifying oracles that reach us profess to cherish no doubt that the Federal Courts will refuse to traverse a decision of the highest State Courts on such a case, but will hold in substance that each State must judge for herself in matters esteemed vital to her safety, and that, since South Carolina has sovereignly affirmed the necessity of such an act to her safety, the Federal Courts will consider that affirmation indubitable, and thereupon pronounce judgment in her favour. "But," say the oracles, "the right to affirm the constitutionality of such a "law implies the right to disallow it. If our kid-"napping act is to be upheld because the U. S. "Courts pronounce in its favour, then it might be "subverted by those Courts pronouncing against it. "And that is just what we shall resist at all "hazards." And so the Legislature is expected to pass an act striking at the process whereby such cases are appealed from the State to the Federal Courts, and directing the Courts, Sheriffs, &c., of that State to defy any precept calculated or intended to remove this or any like case into the Federal Courts. And this high-handed course is very likely to be taken.

The Federal Constitution makes the laws and treaties of the Union, so far as constitutional, supreme over all State regulations and enactments. Thereupon we make treaties, binding our whole People to treat the vessels and citizens of the Nations wherewith we treat in accordance with the requirements of the Golden Rule—not in a part of the Union only, but throughout its entire area. In the face of these stipulations, such outrages as we are now considering are committed, and when our Government is appealed to for redress by the representatives of the party aggrieved, our Diplomatic reply is, "Can't help it—the States are sovereign "within their several dominions, except in a few "specified instances." If this excuse were valid, then the Federal Government should never enter into Treaty engagements, which any State has power to defy and defeat. But it is *not* valid, or at least no competent tribunal has affirmed its validity. We trust, therefore, that the case now pending will not be allowed to go off on some immaterial issue. Let us know when it is ended that the Federal Government has or has not a right to stipulate that the persons of foreigners arriving in our ports shall be shielded from Slavery and their property from spoliation. It were deplorable that our Government should be destitute of the power requisite to the fulfilment of such a stipulation, but still more lamentable that we should involve ourselves in such engagements and then discover that we lack the ability to fulfill them.—*Tribune.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

New England Anti-Slavery Convention.

Speech of Parker Pillsbury.

PHONOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY J. M. W. YERRINTON.

Mr. PRESIDENT: Such waves of upturned faces as I see before me, crested with intense interest and high intelligence, admonish me to beware how I trespass upon the time—impossible as it is for me to heighten the interest of the present moment, while I may greatly decrease it.

Some suggestions were made at the opening of the meeting this afternoon, upon which I have been reflecting, and which seem to call for further consideration. A reference to a few recent historical events will illustrate all I have in mind.

A great deal is said in our time and hearing about Compromises and about Platforms. The word *Compromise* was baptized with a new force and meaning in 1850—the word *Platform* at Baltimore, in 1852.

But allow me to say, that our Free Soil friends are not the men to talk against *Compromises;* because the Compromises of 1850 were only secondary and successive to another more serious, fatal, and dreadful compromise, that was made full thirty years before. A great deal has been said, within the last twenty years, about the Missouri Compromise. That also was only a secondary and small affair. The grand compromise, in which we are more particularly interested, was that entered into by the North and South, in the foundation of the Union and Government. That is the great trunk of the tree, from which all these others proceed, only as branches; and I am more concerned in laying the axe at the root of the tree, than in lopping off the branches of 1850 or 1820. And, could we get this idea before the people, it might serve, in some degree, to illustrate the necessity, and perhaps to enforce the importance of the position occupied by those holding their anniversary here to-day.

The Compromises of 1850—what are they? They were only a part, a very small part, of the action of the Government in behalf of Slavery; and they were an action of the Government such as could never have taken place, without the other compromises—those formed when the Government of the United States was formed. Now, it seems to me our Free Soil friends had better go a little beyond the compromises of 1850; and all who sustain this Government had better look and see if the compromise, by which millions of their fellow-beings are held in Slavery, is not at least as wicked as that compromise of 1850, which only proposes to return some few hundreds—perhaps not even so many as that—to bondage, if they shall have escaped. I am not able to see how it is possible that men who voluntarily sustain that compromise, can find any particular fault with the compromise of 1850. Multitudes of slaves have died and are still living, who are held in bonds in consequence of the compromise entered into at the formation of the Government. Nobody will deny that. Now, who sustain that compromise? It seems to me that those who sustain the Government are responsible for the *great* compromise—older than the Missouri Compromise, older and more dreadful far than the compromise of 1850.

Then, another thing. A great deal is said in our time about Platforms—the Whig platform at Baltimore, the Democratic platform at Baltimore, erected there, now almost a year ago. What were they? They were only the temporary scaffolding of two portions of the American people, and they were enacted for a specific and very temporary purpose. Afterwards, came the Pittsburgh platform. I believe the only important object of it was to demolish the other two; and yet, I do not see why they had not as legitimate a right to stand as the other; for the three together were only the foundation, the underpinning of the great Government platform, concerning which all these parties are alike interested, and for the existence of which they are alike responsible

Am I right in this idea? If not, set me right. The Democratic Platform was erected first, then the Whig; and lastly, the Free Soil Platform. On the Democratic Platform, Franklin Pierce was nominated for the Presidency; on the Whig platform, Gen. Scott was nominated for that office; and on the Free Soil Platform, John P. Hale. Well, then, these three platforms were all engaged in supporting the great governmental platform, on which is offered continually the sacrifice of more than three millions of human beings; and at that dreadful altar stood the high priest of the Democratic party, General Pierce, the high priest of the Whig party, General Scott, and the high priest of the Free Soil party, John P. Hale; and at their feet lay bound and bleeding, a burning but living sacrifice of *three millions of bodies, souls and spirits.* And there stood these three high priests of their respective parties, and, lifting their hands to heaven together, they swear that, so help them God, that sacrifice shall be kept continually burning, as an offering to the American Union—that as fast as one million shall be devoured, another million shall be hurled into the flame; and together they shall waste, and together consume, while the smoke of their fiery torment ascends up before the nation and before God! The Slave Power, that controls the country, then concedes to those three high priests—that terrible Trinity of oppression—condescends to concede to them, that the Union shall be saved, and shall stand inviolate; and the three shall lift up their voices together, and exclaim, in glorious concert—'Great is Diana of the Ephesians!' Great is our glorious Union!

Now, Mr. Chairman, I cannot see, for my part, any particular difference in the three platforms. I regard them as alike the foundation of the government of the country. I care very little who stands upon the Democratic platform, and I am sure, also, we have very little reason now to care who stands, or who stood, on the Whig platform; and as to the other platform, why, in so far as its action is concerned—for what it professes it matters little—when I unite the three together, and find them to be the grand basis on which our Moloch altar is built, from which the flame of human sacrifice goes up continually—when I look at this, then I am interested in the platforms, and I think I must be interested in them, all alike. I am not able to discern any difference.

I know that the Free Soil party proposes the demolition of the other two; but then, the Free Soil party swears, with the other parties, that so long as, by flattery, fraud or falsehood, by bribes or by bullying, or by any other way, they can retain the ascendancy, and hold the power, so long the sacrifice shall be kept burning; and so long, so help them Heaven, they will not, politically, dip the tip of their finger in water to cool the tongue of those who are tormented. So, then, all this talk about Compromises and Platforms, with me, avails nothing. Eternal ages of such notion might transpire, and the surging tides of this lake of more than brimstone and fire would not cease to ebb and flow.

On the question whether there be any disagreement between the three last candidates as to Constitutional obligations of Slavery, I have only to say this: Mr. Hale never delivered more than two speeches in the Senate, that were printed in pamphlet form, which I had the good fortune to see. One of them was on the 19th of the same month of March in which Daniel Webster delivered his ever-memorable speech which gave the Compromise of 1850 to the nation. [Cheers in the gallery for Daniel Webster.] Well, cheer on; you only remind us of what Alexander Pope says of another man: 'See Cromwell *damned* to everlasting fame' (loud applause). Let me now read the extract from Mr. Hale:

"We desire action, not out of the Constitution, but in and under it. We desire to see that Constitution carried out as intended by its framers. * * * * And, Sir, we desire to see the Abolition of Slavery throughout the world.

"I will not undertake to say how it is to be done; but no action of this government is desired to effect it. We do not expect that public or political measures are to effect it. But by appealing to the hearts and consciences of men, by bringing home the principles of Christianity and the appeals of humanity to those who have the power to influence men around them, we trust they will be induced to remove or remedy the evil under which the country in this connection now labours.

"These opinions, Sir, we entertain, and these hopes we cherish. *We ask not the aid of this government to bring it about, for we know that, under the Constitution, you have no power to move in the work.*"

Such are the sentiments of the last Free Soil candidate for the Presidency, on the question of constitutional obligation to Slavery, and the power of political or governmental action to remove that curse and crime from the land.

Now, Sir, we have been told this afternoon that Mr. Wendell Phillips ought to be in the Senate of the United States in company with the Hon. Charles Sumner. God in compassion spare us such a sacrifice as that (loud cheers). One good man has, I fear, been sacrificed on that altar. Shorn of his power, he has become the mirth of tyrants, and they say, 'O Lucifer, son of the morning, how art thou fallen, and become like one of us!' Chained to their chariot wheels, they drag him onward in their train. A Cato or a Cleopatra would not so have graced a Cæsar's triumph. O, I never more rejoiced than when Edward Everett was sent to Congress—a man *already spoiled* (cheers and hisses), instead of some good man, to drink the Circean cup, the fatal sacrament of Slavery, and become a monster, as in the fables of the past.

Mr. Chairman, I am not able to see any propriety in sending Wendell Phillips to Congress. I do not wish to see any other man there, uttering sentiments such as these. Mr. Hale might be of service out of Congress, but to my mind he has been of very little while in Congress. I know, before he went there, he was of service to the Anti-Slavery cause. In New Hampshire, of which State I, in connection with my friend Foster, was then a resident, and where we had been labouring for some years, he was denounced by his party—nay, expelled, for the first really manly and heroic sentiment and act of his life, as a public man—his hostility to the annexation of Texas. Exorcised from his party, he appealed to the people, and did just the very thing which, as I read, he recognises as the most efficient, nay, only means to overthrow Slavery; and the result was, that although the party had expelled him from their ranks, the people of all parties, whose hearts and consciences he awakened, espoused his cause, and they sent a Legislature together, who took him out of the House of Representatives in Congress, and made him a Senator from that State for the six ensuing years (cheers). This was the result of that very action which he, in Congress, afterwards tells us *is the only means* for the overthrow of Slavery. I claim, Mr. Chairman, that John P. Hale states and justifies the entire ground of our opposition to him and his party, in the extract I have made from his speech. Policy and Principle, then, meet on our side.

Why then should we ask for any other action than that which has succeeded so well in New Hampshire? It seems to me that we have, by confession of the party itself, accomplished the very object, in so far as these results are concerned, which we are labouring to accomplish; and all we need ask is, that such men shall continue that agitation, in co-operation with us.

Reference has been made here to Joshua R. Giddings, and he has been held up to this Convention as an instance of the fidelity of the Free Soil party to the cause of humanity, and we are charged with denouncing him. I think our friend (Daniel Foster) would not think of bringing forward Henry Ward Beecher as a refutation of our charge, that the ministers of the land are recreant to the cause of the slave. Henry Ward Beecher is only one, and an exceptional case. Were the great mass of the American ministers, nay, were only one in ten a Henry Ward Beecher, this Convention would have nothing to do but to pass a resolution of jubilant congratulation, and go home again rejoicing with three millions of slaves emancipated and set free (loud cheers)

But it is because, in the whole Orthodox Church, there is only one such man, that we hold it up as apostate to the cause of humanity and of God. So, I think, if there were enough of such men as Joshua R. Giddings in the Free Soil party, the results would be quite different. Who is the successor of Robert Rantoul, who was so suddenly cut off in the fulness of his manhood? Who is the successor of Orin Fowler, another Free Soil representative, who fell more recently by death's remorseless hand! And who succeeds even Judge Allen? There is a rumour that he is a Free Soil man, but I am indebted wholly to rumour for the information (cheers). And where, too, is the successor of Horace Mann? I am sorry to be compelled to say, that I think, after recent developments, that the cause of the slave cannot have been injured by that exchange. But then, where are the Free Soil representatives of Massachusetts? They are not now seated in Congress as last year.

Now, I venture to assert, from what I know

latter. Then they brought Horace Greeley all the way from New York, to stump the District, and hold up Mr. Giddings' sins in the matter of mileage and some other trifles, of which he was not specially guilty.

Well, with all this machinery in operation, they fancied that Mr. Giddings was as good as dead; and a committee was appointed to get up a triumphal supper, that was to be eaten on the night after Mr. Giddings' death and burial. Well, they went into the canvas, and finally into the election; but the result showed that, notwithstanding all these efforts, Mr. Giddings was returned to Congress by a handsome majority over all that had been brought against him (loud cheers). And a further result was this: in consequence of taking the two Anti-Slavery counties of his District, and annexing them to a Hunker District, bless me if they did not elect a whole-souled Garrisonian Abolitionist in feeling from that District, too (enthusiastic applause). And so, they who played Haman, met a Haman's fate.

Now, let Mr. Giddings come into Massachusetts, and labour here as he laboured there, and do you believe that Hunkerism could triumph over him? I question if he would not have both the parties at his feet in less than six months, begging crumbs from his table.

I want to tell you further on this matter—and I will try not to be tedious—that throughout the West, whatever may be said of the baneful influence of Church and State here, there is a genuine virgin soil, into which the seeds of Humanity may be cast, with the promise of a plentiful harvest; and Mr. Giddings is not ashamed to be identified with the unpopular labourers in that field. I wish I could say, to the credit of the Free Soil party of Massachusetts, that any of our agents had ever been even once invited to share the hospitalities of some of their sumptuous homes, as they have always been at Mr. Giddings' home at the West; and that they had recieved from them as noble a testimony to their efforts in behalf of liberty as has been uttered by Mr. Giddings, whenever they have entered his District.

Take one example, among many, of the influence of the Anti-Slavery sentiment in that region. In one large town in his District, there was a Methodist Church connected with the conference. We held two Conventions there. We called upon that church to separate itself from the conference. They considered the matter but refused to separate. However, after we left, they thought better of it, and, as I saw in the papers, passed a resolution disconnecting themselves from the Conference, and so formed the first truly independent Methodist church I ever heard of in America.

I went, last year, with Mr. Giddings, to attend a great Convention of the Free Soil people at Ravenna. They were there in immense numbers. A liberty pole had been erected, on which a banner was flying; a band of music headed the procession, and it was indeed a great demonstration. An eminent citizen of the State, a Judge and a member of the Methodist Church of which I have just spoken, had come a great distance to attend; for, at the West, the people will travel thirty or forty miles, even if they have to go on foot, to attend an Anti-Slavery meeting. Mr. Giddings, in the course of his remarks, alluded to the Christiana affair, and spoke of the glorious results of that tragedy—the first real battle for freedom, as he said, on the soil of America. Then he began to speak of the principal actor, Gorsuch. 'We are told,' said he, 'by the religious papers, that he was an eminent Christian, and a fair representative of American Christianity—a model of piety.' Free Soil men here don't talk just like that; they would go to Congress if they did. This old Judge here rose, and said, 'Mr. Giddings, allow me one question: Do you know that that Mr. Gorsuch was a member, in good and regular standing, of our Methodist Church?' 'I say,' said Mr. Giddings, 'it was so stated in the religious papers; and I know ten thousand other Methodists who ought to be served just as he was' (laughter and cheers).

Now, that is the way Mr. Giddings preaches at the West; and that is the reason of his success. The people, when they elect him to Congress, only say, in form, on election day, what they have said in effect the whole year before. There is not a man in his District who does not know his face, wherever he meets him; nor many women, nor children, even, who have not seen him; and mothers are training up multitudes of such for Congress, or to send such to Congress.

In one instance, when his enemies had determined to kill him off, they called a Whig Convention, and pledged their delegates before hand not to sustain him. The people heard what was going on; they rallied in Convention, and they told the delegates, 'We know what you have come here for; it is for the purpose of exorcising J. R. Giddings. Now, you may nominate whom you please; but we shall elect him.' *And they nominated him before they adjourned* (applause). That is the way results are brought about.

If there are such men in the Free Soil party here in New England, I want to know who they are and where they are. Just let me read this little extract from the *Commonwealth*, the organ of the party here, as a specimen of New England Free Soil fidelity and honesty. It is in allusion to a great man then just dead. The paper that morning was put into deepest mourning. No matter what it had said before, it must go into deep mourning. Says the *Commonwealth*—'Mr. Webster has departed this life, *calmly, bravely and piously*.' (!) Hear one other line of this: '*He has died as a Christian ought to die*.' And many devout Free Soilers followed him at the burial. I tell you, that is not the spirit by which success is secured by any party. J. R. Giddings speaks the truth in Ohio—and goes to Congress. This party speaks and acts what it knows is false in Massachusetts—and, where are its candidates and its successes? I tell you, 'that which they sow, they reap.'

Mr. Chairman, I wish to detain the audience a moment longer. I have adverted to the West in my remarks, particularly because I had an announcement to make, which I think will fall joyfully on the ears of many in this Convention. I have spoken of the character of the West, and of the means and modes by which the triumph of Anti-Slavery principles has been secured there. It is not by temporising; it is not by compromising. It is by bold, outspoken truth, and the people welcome us there, many of them foremost in Freesoilism, and bid us 'God-speed.' Now, Mr. Chairman, something has been done here already in the way of raising funds. I wish to announce to the audience, that I have been this afternoon instructed to say, that since the Western field promises so much, and since there is just now a very loud and urgent call coming to us for aid from several States, there is a gentleman in the audience, who will, if the Board will institute a system of operations, and send their most efficient and uncompromising agents into that field for a campaign—scattering radical books and papers, and the spoken word, as far and as broadly as in their power—he will head a subscription for that object with one thousand dollars (applause). Further than that, if the plan promises and prospers well, he has no hesitation in adding another five hundred dollars, in order that an efficient work may be carried on (loud cheers).

Mr. Chairman, the West has lifted up its cry, and to-day we are appealed to, 'to come over and help them.' One voice thus generously responds. My friend Mr. Foster and his wife, who with myself, have all spent a good deal of time in the service, perhaps feel more exactly the value and importance of that field than anybody else can. I do hope, that with such a beginning, we shall be able to give an impetus to the cause, not only there, but also at home; for I believe there was some truth in that old couplet in Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress—the only religious book in which I find much of my own experience narrated (laughter)—

'A man there was, though some did count him mad,
The more he cast away the more he had.'

I think the best way to advance the cause here in Massachusetts, and over our whole soil, is to send some of our most efficient agents to cultivate that Western field; and I hope that this proposition will not be lost, because I should only have to announce the name of the gentleman making this generous offer, to give a sufficient guarantee that he means all that he says, and if the plan succeeds, very likely more than he says (applause).

Speech of William Lloyd Garrison.

Mr. President: The Resolutions which I hold in my hand follow, very appropriately, the speech we have just listened to from our friend Mr. Foster (Daniel), and will be found to reciprocate that generous and magnanimous spirit which he has inculcated and exemplified:

1. Resolved, That inasmuch as the condition of membership in the American Anti-Slavery Society is, simply, the recognition of the self-evident truth, that no man can hold property in man, that immediate emancipation is the right of the slave and the duty of the master; as that Society neither disciplines nor excommunicates any member on any charge of acting inconsistently with his Anti-Slavery profession; as its platform is as open to its opponents as to its friends and free to all; and as the great instrumentality for the peaceful abolition of Slavery is the utterance and application of the truth to the consciences and hearts of the people; it follows, that, so long as the Society is true to its fundamental principle, it furnishes common ground for all those who claim to be anxious for the overthrow of the slave system, and secession from it is an indication of a factious spirit, or of conscious unwillingness or inability to meet the responsibilities of the cause and the duties of the hour.

2. Resolved, That no man, who consents to stand on the Anti-Slavery platform, or standing where he may, no man who professes to be the friend and advocate of the slave, especially if he occupy a high, responsible station, has a right to claim exemption from Anti-Slavery criticism, or to construe it into a personal affront, or to plead his unquestionable and unquestioned Anti-Slavery acts as entitling him to go unrebuked in cases where he is regarded as found wanting.

3. Resolved, That it is not only the right but the duty of the professed friends of the slave to be watchful and jealous, lest there be any compromise of his rights, and to admonish each other whenever or wherever there seems to be a dereliction from the strict line of Anti-Slavery principles; and whoever takes offence at this, or withdraws himself from our platform in consequence thereof, shows himself to be consciously in the wrong, and unable to vindicate his position.

Sir, for what are we assembled at this Anniversary? It is to bear anew our testimony against chattel Slavery in our land. That sin is so palpable, that crime is so enormous, that no man can honestly doubt in regard to its real nature; for God never yet made a human being who felt in his soul that he ought to be a slave; and, therefore, the universal heart of our common humanity, in all ages, in all climes, has rejected the idea that man can be made the property of man.

Well, then, we are all opposed to Slavery; so we say; we all desire its abolition—such is our profession; but how shall we proceed to effect its overthrow? What shall be the mode by which we shall co-operate in order to accomplish this great and sublime object? Or is there no common bond of union, by which we can rally together on the side of liberty? Why, Sir, slaveholders, divided as they are by sectarian and party ties—divided, in these particulars, just as we are at the North—are not divided on the subject of Slavery. They readily combine their means and influences for its preservation and perpetuity, making every other consideration subordinate. Now, is it not possible for the true friends of freedom to be as united in its defence and extension, though differing in their religious and political opinions? I affirm that we can unite; that we ought to unite; nay, that the true in spirit *are* united, all over this country.

But it is desirable to organize. It is better to work together than to work singly; for by concentrating our forces, we can operate all the more powerfully upon public opinion. But how shall we organize? What should be the platform laid down, on which to invite everybody to stand?

In the first place, it ought not to be a religious organization, technically speaking—Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, or any other; for that would be exclusive and sectarian. It would leave a vast multitude of the friends of freedom outside of it, for various reasons; and therefore you would have loss of strength, and an unwise division of forces.

In the second place, it must not be a political organization; for as only a small portion of the people are permitted to vote in this government—as one-half of the population, on account of their sex, are politically disfranchised—as many persons are conscientiously opposed to upholding a government of violence and blood—as many others are precluded from the ballot-box by their views of the pro-slavery compromises in the Constitution—a mere political organization must necessarily be exclusive, and therefore contracted in its sphere of activity and influence.

Sir, we want something better than either the one or the other—something more catholic, more philosophical, more comprehensive. Can we get it? What ought to be its leading characteristic? What should be the condition and test of membership? I add—

In the third place, the organization must not exclude women either from membership or from active participation in its affairs; because women abhor, and have reason to abhor, Slavery as intensely as men; and because as many women are clanking their chains, and crying for relief, as men. Every member must be permitted to 'plead the cause of all such as are appointed to destruction,' on his or her own responsibility, as a sense of duty may determine.

Lastly, the object of the organization must be moral agitation—the promulgation of the truth, and its application to the consciences of a people who are 'laden with iniquity,' and 'whose hands are full of blood.' It is a moral regeneration which is to be effected, as much now as in apostolic times, and by the same instrumentality—the foolishness of preaching.

It is evident that such an organization must be based upon a self-evident truth, and animated by a vital principle, appealing alike to the understanding and conscience of every human being, without regard to religious or political opinions. That truth is, that slaveholding is, under all circumstances, a sin against God; and, therefore, that immediate emancipation is the right of the slave and the duty of the master. What is self-evident is all-embracing, and may be held in common by men and women; by Christians and infidels; by those who belong to religious bodies, and by those who do not; by those who exercise the elective franchise, and by those who are disfranchised for conscience sake. We can all give our hearty endorsement to the principle—requiring nothing beyond this, but that each one shall apply and carry it out, with conscientious fidelity, at whatever cost, and wherever it may lead, according to the light that is in him.

Well, what next? The platform of the organization must be free to all, and speech upon it left untrammelled. There must be a willingness to hear not only those who are friendly to its object, but also those who are hostile to it; for the truth has nothing to fear in an open encounter with error, and ever courts inquiry and examination—ever coming out the better and stronger for it.

Now, sir, this is the spirit, the freedom, the platform of the American Anti-Slavery Society—nothing more, nothing less. It is willing to hear, at its own pecuniary expense, in its own meetings, whatever may be said against its principles or measures, in whatever temper or language. If it has any favours to grant, they are granted especially to those who are disposed to assail it—giving them not only an equal chance, but more than justice requires on the score of time. If ever the time shall come when this lofty trait in its character shall be blotted out, then you may write 'Ichabod' upon its walls, and proclaim its downfall.

Sir, we resort to no disciplinary measures. We put forth no bulls of excommunication. We neither exclude nor suspend any member, on any ground whatever. Every one is as free to go as he is free to come, incurring no censure for his withdrawal. We are agreed simply as to the abstract principle; we are agreed also, that it is the duty of each and all to adhere to it, as its legitimate application may be perceived, 'remembering them that are in bonds as bound with them.' Whenever any thing is found hostile to its progress, then whoever makes the discovery is bound to cry out against the obstacle, and attempt its removal. If, in the course of the conflict, he shall find himself called upon to cut off his right hand or pluck out his right eye, there must be no hesitancy—the hand must come off, the eye must come out.

Sir, we are sometimes accused of being narrow and exclusive in our organization—of imposing tests and requiring conditions, which interfere with individual conviction and personal freedom. No accusation can be more unjust, no opinion more erroneous. Do we say that the members of the American Anti-Slavery Society must all be agreed in proclaiming the Constitution of the United States to be 'a covenant with death and an agreement with hell'? Do we say that none shall be members who vote for such men as Franklin Pierce or Winfield Scott? Do we say that they shall be excommunicated if they remain with the Whig, or Democratic, or Free Soil party—or with a pro-slavery church or denomination, or support a pro-slavery clergy? We say no such thing; we make no such requirement; we let every man stand accountable to his God.

But there is one thing we do, and mean to persist in doing: we keep our platform open to all, and free to all, without respect of persons. We utter our convictions fearlessly and independently as to who and what is pro-slavery, and allow nothing in Church or State to pass unchallenged respecting its position to the Anti-Slavery cause; we mean to criticise, reprove and warn, and are ready to be criticised, reproved and warned in return.

Of course, the American Anti-Slavery Society, to be effective, must cherish and promulgate definite opinions—the collective opinions of its members, as expressed by a majority on any given point, for the time being. It may sometimes err in judgment; it may not always come to a right decision; still, as it ever holds itself open to reproof and conviction, as it gives the minority every desirable opportunity to expose its fallacies or errors, this affords no good reason for refusing to co-operate with it. All that can be done, among fallible human beings, under the circumstances, to arrive at a true result, is assuredly done; and when this spirit prevails, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, rely upon it, that result will be satisfactory. Welcoming the light from whatever quarter it may shine, how is it possible for the Society to evince a stronger conviction of the rectitude of its course—or, if in error, a more manly desire to be set right—or a more unselfish consecration to the cause of the enslaved in our land?

No step has the American Anti-Slavery Society ever taken backwards. Not that it is conceited, dogmatical, unwilling to yield when in error; but because there has been no occasion for retracting or going back. We have abandoned many of our steps, but it is the abandonment of an onward march to grapple all the more vigorously with the enemy. We do not stand precisely where we did twenty years ago, or even ten years ago; we are all the while making new issues and fresh advances; and all this is essential to the abolition of Slavery.

Now, then, if we do not dictate to any man to what party he shall belong, to what creed he shall subscribe, to what church he shall give in his adhesion or from which he must withdraw, or what he shall think or say of the Constitution or government of the country—if we allow him free speech, and he professes to agree with us in principle, and in the duty of adhering to it, what excuse has he for absenting himself from this platform? How can he justify himself in lifting his heel against us? Why should he run away? Here is the place to defend himself. What if the Society deem him to be unsound in some of his views, or pro-slavery in some of his relations to Church or State? *He* believes his position to be a tenable one. Then he will be serene and unmoved, instead of getting angry and furious. Instead of impeaching the motives or spirit of the Society, he will say, 'You give me all I ask—all that any man, who has a soul, can desire—the opportunity to state my convictions freely, and to defend my conduct, and that is enough! Believing that I am right, I have full faith that, ultimately, I shall have the satisfaction of seeing the Society espouse my side of the question.'

And yet, Mr. President, what secessions have taken place from our ranks, from time to time! All the way through, and following along the track of our march, are to be found the carcases of multitudes who have perished by the way. They run well for a time, and then they fell to the earth; or, growing hateful and personal in their spirit, they have become embittered against the Society, and sought to destroy it; evidently far more anxious to cripple the efforts and blacken the character of the uncompromising Abolitionists, than to bring Slavery into disrepute,

What is it that we exact? Not conformity as to the *application* of the principle, in order to membership in our Society, but only as to the *principle itself*—an endorsement of its soundness. We make due allowance for the fact, that mankind make progress, if sometimes rapidly, more commonly slowly. We know, in the nature of the case, that all men do not leap to the same conclusion, logically or by intuition, at the same moment. We know that, among those who are equally honest, there may be hesitancy on the part of some, and doubt on the part of others, as to where the principle fairly applies. We admit that there will be cases where men the most clear-sighted may, for a time, be somewhat troubled to decide whether this or that step is really a compromise of principle. But then, sir, all these things must be tolerated, if we would work together for the overthrow of Slavery. Ultimately, we may all see eye to eye.

Sir, if a member of our organization can belong to the Whig or Democratic party, and feel that he occupies a true Anti-Slavery position in so doing, let him remain with the party. To his own conscience let him be true. To his own master he must stand or fall. What we shall do is, when he comes upon our platform, to endeavour to show that his position is inconsistent with the principle he has accepted, and is practically pro-slavery. As Lot was commanded to flee out of Sodom, that he might not be destroyed with the inhabitants thereof; as God says to his people in Babylon, 'Come out of her, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues;' so Anti-Slavery demands the abandonment of every pro-slavery sect and party. Still, if any one feel not called upon to leave his party, or church, or the government, he is at liberty to remain, and he will manifest his sincerity by exhibiting a manly and catholic spirit, and a readiness to be examined as to his conduct.

Now, Sir, can you conceive of anything more charitable than this—more magnanimous than this—more sublimely courageous than this—a higher evidence of a desire to be in the right, and a wish never to be in the wrong? Where is there such liberty conceded on any other platform under the whole heavens? What other enterprise—except the little, despised Non-Resistance enterprise—has ever been so constituted, or as intelligent on the score of freedom of speech to all? The Free Soil platform is not free; the Free Soil meeting is not free (I say it not invidiously, of course; I only deal with the fact). It is exclusively for Free Soilers; it does not say, 'We welcome every man to this platform, to show us wherein we are in the wrong.' No; what is the reason? I ask again—What is the reason? I have my own opinion about it—what do you think?

'Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just.'

There are those in our ranks who deem the position of the Free Soil party not the highest and best for the cause of the slave. *They* might come on to the platform—and if it were a free one, they certainly would come—and there would be a searching examination. Is it to prevent such examination that their meetings are not free? Why, sir, if at any of their gatherings they can get a Whig, or a Hunker Democrat, to undertake the defence of his party, or to make an assault upon theirs, there is great rejoicing, and they are quite ready to shout, 'To the platform—to the platform! Hear him—hear him!' Why is this? Because, as against the Hunker Whig or the Hunker Democrat, the Free Soilers know that they occupy the vantage ground, and can cover him with confusion of face. But with regard to the radical, uncompromising Abolitionists, their presence is not welcomed, and the platform is not made free.

Wm. A. White, of Watertown—Does Mr. Garrison mean this Convention to understand that the meetings of the Free Soilers are not open to all who claim to be the friends of the slave, or whether they do or not?

Mr. Garrison—I will answer that question by asking another—which is the Yankee method, you know. Does our friend White mean to say that our Free Soil meetings *are* thus free?

Mr. White—I do; and I hereby invite Mr. Garrison to attend the next Free Soil Convention, and make a speech (laughter and applause).

Mr. Garrison—Very good! But is our friend authorized, in behalf of the party, to make the invitation?

Mr. White—No, sir; I make it on my individual responsibility.

Mr. Garrison—I doubt if such a proposition would receive the sanction of the party, as such. At any rate, it has never yet been declared to the world. But I am not the man to quarrel with that spirit, but will ever give it the right hand of fellowship.

Mr. President, adopting the fundamental principle of the American Anti-Slavery Society, what have we done with it in our organization? In a faithful application of it to men and measures—to the religious and political institutions of the land—to constitutions and laws—we have made many discoveries—discoveries that have filled us sometimes with amazement, sometimes with deep regret, sometimes with heartfelt anguish; because we started, at the outset, mixed up with the old parties and with the religious sects, ardent in our attachment and earnest in our support of them. We did not know where we were going; we could not tell what was before us; for who foresaw, when he gave in his adhesion to the cause of the oppressed, that he would be called upon to give up his party, his church, his minister—to lose his reputation and jeopard his worldly interest—to the extent he has been required to do? But we took the pledge of fidelity to the slave. We declared his cause to be good and true—yes, divine; and hence, whatever obstructed its triumph, must be from the adversary, and not from God. At what hazard and cost all this has been done, let posterity decide.

On many points, slowly but surely we have arrived at great unanimity of sentiment. We are generally agreed in the opinion that the Whig party of the country is foully pro-slavery, and therefore ought to be abandoned. We are equally convinced that the Democratic party is utterly subservient to the Slave Power, and thoroughly polluted, from which it is the duty of every pure-minded man and every true Democrat to withdraw. We also affirm that a Church claiming to be the Church of Christ and yet having no bowels of mercy for the oppressed, nay, receiving slaveholders and slave-breeders to its communion table, is a Church with which no Christian Abolitionist ought to be connected; and that, if there be one thus associated with it, he is bound, by his fidelity to God and the slave, to withdraw from it, and register his testimony against it as an anti-Christian body.

To such conclusions, after careful re-examination and mature consideration, we have come, with but few dissenting voices in our ranks, but not without great hesitancy and reluctance on the part of some, for a time. All did not see the duty at the same moment; at first, perhaps only a solitary member saw the guilt of the relation, raised the warning cry, and called for consistent action. Then another and another apprehended it clearly, and the discussion went on, until nearly the whole body became satisfied as to its reality, and pronounced sentence of condemnation accordingly.

We come now to the question of withdrawal from the government, in consequence of the pro-slavery compromises of the Constitution. On this point, while the members of the American Anti-Slavery Society are generally agreed, the professed friends of the slave, acting in other relations, are very much divided. They advocate various and discordant notions about the Constitution. Some say they hold it to be thoroughly and intentionally Anti-Slavery, and so they can vote and hold office under it without any compromise of principle; others acknowledge its Pro-Slavery features, but argue that as it provides for its own amendment, the ballot may be innocently thrown with that object in view; while others think that, if nothing more can be accomplished by the elective franchise than the election of men to Congress who will exert themselves to abolish Slavery in the District of Columbia and the Territories, and to prevent the further extension of Slavery, it justifies political action. Here is a wide difference of opinion; but what then? What if we differ *ad infinitum* as to the application of the principle by which we profess to be governed? I want to know who the man is who is going to run away from the Anti-Slavery platform on that account: and if he runs, I want to know what is the matter with him. He says that his own position is sound and practical; that his conscience is satisfied; that his judgment is confirmed, and he has not a doubt troubling his mind. What cause has such a man to run from anybody? Is not he who is in the right the 'one man who shall chase a thousand,' and one of the 'two who shall put ten thousand to flight'? But if he be not in the right, even then he will manifest no disposition to flee, if he sincerely believes he is right, or desires to be so, if in error. The language of his heart will be, 'Search me as with a candle, and see if there be anything wrong in me.' Being fallible, he may honestly mistake his way or misapprehend his duty, but he is not the man to keep from a free arena because somebody will impeach his judgment or censure his conduct—far otherwise! Who that is satisfied that he ought to remain connected with the Whig or Democratic party, pro-slavery though it be—with the Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, or any other Church, pro-slavery though it be—who, I say, that believes it his duty to do this, *as a friend of the slave*, has any just cause to complain of the liberty exercised on this platform, or to stand aloof from our meeting? Hence, the resolutions I have submitted, Mr. President, seem to me to warrant the conclusion, that he who refuses to take his lot with us, walks no more with us, and seeks to excite popular odium against us, gives conclusive evidence that he knows 'there is something rotten in the state of Denmark,' and that that state is inside of himself (laughter and cheers). He furnishes ample proof of the fact that he is not able to endure free discussion, and consequently 'flees when no man pursueth.'

I told you that the American Anti-Slavery Society excommunicates nobody; disciplines nobody; but it does far better than that. It is not without a winnowing machine, which separates the tares from the wheat with wonderful discrimination. It has an instrument by which it detects the false, unmasks the hypocritical, exposes the compromising, almost as by an infallible power. It is FREE, UNTRAMMELLED SPEECH, on a FREE, UNTRAMMELLED PLATFORM! Whoever cannot stand the trial is either a coward or a consciously corrupt man (loud cheers).

But the inquiry is raised, 'Why criticise and arraign such men as Charles Sumner, Horace Mann and John P. Hale?' Why not criticise and arraign them, if they are at any time found wanting? Who are they, to claim exemption from the strictest scrutiny? Are they infallible? Are they demi-gods? If they stumble in the dark, shall we raise no warning voice, acting as they do the part of political leaders? Not criticise them!—let them go, forsooth, because they make good Anti-Slavery speeches now and then—help the fugitive slave now and then—and manfully resist the usurpations of the Slave Power! Why, sir, do we not gratefully acknowledge all that they do for the slave, and give them full credit for it? The Anti-Slavery speeches of Mann, of Sumner, of Hale, of Giddings, I have always gladly printed in the columns of *The Liberator* (loud applause); and I think I have not been chary in my tribute to those gentlemen for the Anti-Slavery work that they have done. For one, I must be beside myself if I can quarrel with them for being faithful to our cause. But, sir, when, in my judgment, they fail to carry out the principle, or stand in a pro-slavery relation, what shall I do, as an honest man—as their friend, and as the advocate of the slave? Shall I be dumb? Shall I say, 'No matter—they mean well; they have said and done many very good things; let them run'? Why, nobody should let them run. I hold the slaveholder to the strictest account; shall I not hold every other man? To such an account God will hold us.

Do you recollect the case of the young man in the Gospel—the *good* young man—who had lived so exemplary a life, who came to Jesus, saying, 'Good Master, what shall I do that I may inherit eternal life? And Jesus said unto him, why callest thou me good? there is none good, but one, that is God. Thou knowest the commandments; Do not commit adultery, Do not kill, Do not steal, Do not bear false witness, Defraud not, Honour thy father and mother. And he answered and said unto him, Master, all these have I observed from my youth. Then Jesus beholding him loved him, and said unto him, One thing thou lackest: go thy way, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come, take up the cross and follow me. And he was sad at that saying, and went away grieved; for he had great possessions.' So in regard to our Free Soil Friends. Have they not made good Anti-Slavery speeches? what lack they yet? Have they not contributed to the funds of the Anti-Slavery cause? what lack they yet? Have they not assisted fugitive slaves to escape? what lack they yet? One thing; and that is, they are in a political union with bloody-minded oppressors, and they ought to come out and separate themselves for ever from it (loud applause, and a few hisses).

Sir, we are bound to watch over each other; to admonish each other in love, and with all fidelity. And what if a man does not admonish me in love—does that justify me in getting angry? What if, on this platform, I am unjustly censured? Shall I leave it in a passion? No, sir. It is for me to bear with him; to bear with everybody; to let patience have its perfect work; and to be satisfied with the liberty granted to me to show that my accuser is in the wrong—if I am able.

Such is the American Anti-Slavery Society. Honest Whigs, Democrats, Free Soilers, you can be members of it. Honest Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, Episcopalians, Catholics, why stand aloof from it? You have equal rights here—free speech here—and the object is worthy your united support—freedom for all, and chains for none! The ground occupied by the Society is catholic, broad, comprehensive; yet stringent in that kind of criticism to which I have alluded, free speech and free investigation. This is the only vital organization to overturn Slavery. The political one is narrow, and its action is spasmodic and limited. A sectarian organization does not meet the wants of the great heart of our common humanity. I glory in the American Anti-Slavery Society, in the spirit which animates it, in the noble and unsurpassed example it is giving to the world of faith in the truth, in its willingness to be searched, in its determination to make the liberation of the slave paramount to all other considerations.

One word further. We do not come together to endorse each other's views on politics or religion, or even the Anti-Slavery soundness of any member of the organization. We acknowledge simply an abstract principle, adverse to the institution of Slavery, and agree that we will be true to it, as light is given us. That is all. As to the hue and cry on this side of the Atlantic, and in England, that the American Anti-Slavery Society is a no-Bible, no-Sabbath, no-Government Society, etc., etc., it has never come from a heart beating in deep sympathy for the perishing slave. It is both a sectarian and a pro-slavery device. As a Society, we debate no other question, decide no other question, than that pertaining to Slavery. As for the holiness of the Sabbath, or the inspiration of the Bible, or the rightfulness of government, we never have assumed to settle any of these things. In discussing the subject of Slavery, it is to be expected that every man will speak in his own dialect, and after his own method of thinking; and illustrate his ideas in his own way. He is entitled to do this, and no one has a right to complain. The Calvinist who occupies this platform will talk of slaveholders going down to a never-ending hell, if they do not repent, and no Universalist has a right to take offence, and say—'I do not believe that doctrine, and it shall not be uttered here—it is extraneous.' No, it is not. It is proper for the Calvinist to assert it, because, with his moral training, with his conviction of the sin of Slavery, it is the natural expression of his idea. So the Universalist, standing on this platform, may affirm that he believes in the final restoration of all to God—even slaveholders not excepted—if he chooses to do so, in illustration of an argument against Slavery; and the Calvinist has no right to take offence, and say, 'I will not hear such a declaration, nor be connected in any association with such men.' So if a word is incidentally uttered here in regard to the Bible, or the Sabbath, or any other subject, that is deemed heretical, remember, it is the speaker who is to be held responsible, not the organization; nor is he to be blamed, if he evidently means to give no offence. When the organization shall endorse any heresy, shall bring in any extraneous question, and attempt to settle it, forgetting the slave, then denounce it as false to its professions—and not till then (cheers).

Speech of Lucy Stone.

Mr. Chairman: If I were to obey my own feelings, this evening, I surely should not speak a word. I would far rather, when on this platform, listen than speak. But yet, if, by any word I shall say, the day of deliverance for the slave shall come by one moment sooner, I am willing to offer that word—glad to offer it, too.

I listened to-day, as I always listen, with great interest, to the discussion in regard to the character of the Constitution of the United States, and the support given to the system of Slavery in that direction; I have listened to the charges that are made against the Church—of her recreancy to truth and duty—I know they are all true; but yet, whenever I listen to a discussion on these topics, there always comes to me the thought, that, if the government and the Constitution remain just as they are—if the Church remains with the same creed that it has to-day, Slavery would be in the land, not for these reasons—not because we have such a government, not because the churches have such creeds—but it would be in the country because we are not ourselves a free people. I mean, that we who are here in Boston, here in New England, and everywhere North of Mason and Dixon's line, are ourselves so much enslaved, that, be the civil institutions of the country what they may, the fault lies more in ourselves than in them. The slave may clank his chains all over the length and breadth of the land: he who can tell the slave's sad story best, may stand to tell it in every street, in every dwelling, and by every highway, and though it may go into the ear of the people, and perhaps reach its heart, yet, after all, he who tells the slave's story, tells it to the ears of those who are themselves in bonds; and though the eye of the listener may look down below him to the slave still lower than himself—bound, bruised and beaten—he yet cannot go to help him, because he is not himself in freedom. Men and women creep cowardly over God's footstool, and by their very cowardice, they allow the system of slaveholding to run riot over the land.

I mean what I say. The slave is held in his bonds because there is not, in the souls of men and women, a great courage, which dares abide by the truth. When we would settle the question of right and wrong, we always stop to ask—'But what will people say?' 'Does Squire Smith agree with that?—or does Mrs. Jones agree with that?'—and then, having ascertained the opinion of Squire Smith and Mrs. Jones, the question is settled. It is not, 'Is it right; and because it is right, I will do it, no matter who approves or who frowns'; but, 'What will people say?'—and if the 'say' of the people is against the conviction of right, then the mass of the people smother their convictions, and go with the multitude to do evil, no matter how far the multitude may go in the way of the wrong.

I say, there are few—O, very few!—who dare do what is unpopular, no matter how holy it is. To illustrate what I mean: I went, a short time ago, to lecture in a town in this State, where the kind of Anti-Slavery represented on this platform is so odious, that, though there are meeting-houses, and halls, and school-houses in the place—all unoccupied on the week day, and some of them unoccupied on the Sabbath, too—no hall, no meeting-house, no school-house could be obtained for our meeting. So exceeding odious is this kind of Anti-Slavery there, that those who are its friends could all be counted on the fingers of a single hand. But we found a little hillock, beautifully overgrown with trees, whose thick covering gave us a shade from the sun above, and there we went and held our meeting. In that town, we found there were many who would have been glad to attend our meeting, if they had dared to do so. One woman—and I think she was a fair representative of her sex—said, 'If I were only a mouse in the wall, I would go to their meeting.' She was not afraid of His eye who never slumbers, but she could not bear that her neighbours should know that she went to a meeting that was held in so low esteem. She would have been glad to have heard us, but she was afraid of the laugh of those who did not think it proper to go there. I believe she represents a vast majority of the women of the land. We are not so mindful of the opinion of Him, whose eye, if waking or sleeping, is always upon us—we are not so mindful of what He thinks, of the cognizance he takes of our actions, as we are of that of our frail fellow-mortal, whose breath is in his nostrils. We are always taking counsel of this man or woman; always inquiring as of the last importance, what will this one or that one say. And when we know that their opinion is against our sense of right, we bury the truth in our souls, and cover it up and keep it there, never allowing it to get before the eyes of others; at least, not until it has been so far recognised by them that we can do it without loss of reputation.

I do not want you to understand me as expressing the belief that men have any more bravery than women. I have seen as much cowardice among men as among the other sex. I went, not long ago, to speak in a place where there was a great deal of Orthodoxy, and where, too, there was a religion preached, which as one of the parishioners told me, was only 'the dried husks of Orthodoxy.' 'We have dealt out to us, from Sunday to Sunday,' said he, 'only the dried husks of Orthodoxy.' Five hundred people gather there, from Sunday to Sunday hungering and thirsting after the bread and water of life, and they have only these miserable husks. When we went there to hold an Anti-Slavery meeting, I was stupid enough to suppose that he would attend. But, no; he went where the other swine did eat, and partook of the husks that were there (laughter and applause), because he was hoping for place and preferment, which he feared he should fail to obtain, were it known that he had the least shadow of a shade of inclination towards us. I believe he represents the majority of men.

Again: I went, a short time ago, to attend a meeting in a Massachusetts town, in behalf of a cause equally unpopular with this. A certain man there, on being invited to attend the meeting, replied—'No! I will not go to hear a crazy woman; and she must be crazy, or she would not be alluding to such subjects.' Well, a few days after, I went to a city in New York State, to speak on the same subject, and there, strange to say, was this very man before my face, he having paid a quarter of a dollar to hear the speaker at whom he had flung so unmanly a sneer when at home! After the lecture—which seemed to have been acceptable to the audience—while the friends were crowding around the lecturer to express their sympathy and pleasure, that same toady came up to the platform, also, to give me his hand (laughter and cheers).

The cowardice that such little incidents shadow are to my mind indicative of what lies at the root. Tell such a man that there are 'Uncle Toms' scattered all over the South-land, tell him of the weight of woe that sweeps in resistless tide over the souls of these three millions of slaves, and you might as well whisper the tale in the 'dull, cold ear of death'; his own hands are bound; he has no courage and no freedom, and before he can come and take hold of 'Uncle Tom's' hand, and raise him up, and give Cassy the word of cheer she needs, he must make for himself a Declaration of Independence; and when he has achieved that, and become a man among men—when he himself has no shackle on his spirit, and dares to love what is true, and can listen to the word of truth—then, bending over from his place of power, he can take 'Uncle Tom' by the hand, and recognise him as only 'a little lower than the angels.'

After all, it seems to me that the first thing that is needed for our cause is a great lesson of courage. We want such men and women as will not 'flatter Neptune for his trident, nor Jove for his power to thunder.' We want such such men and women who, if you

'Tempt them with bribes, you tempt in vain;
Try them with fire, you find them true.'

When men and women of this character are more numerous than now, then, and not till then, can the slave leap out of the charnel-house where he now is, and find the recognition of that manhood which God gave him as his birthright (cheers).

It is my present conviction that were I to go out and speak to the people on this great subject, wherever I went, from town to town, and from house to house, it should be my business to make the people understand that they were cowards; and I would prove it, to every man's face, and to every woman's, also, from the facts that I would learn them in twenty-four hours; and I would entreat them to reverence themselves, and spurn the bonds that are on the spirit of man. It should be my business to search out a manhood that could wear itself like a glorious crown, enabling men and women to give their aid to every cause that needs their aid, not stopping to ask, 'Shall I get to office and power?' but only, 'What is the right?'

We blame the clergy. I have heard, until my ear was pained by listening, the story of their recreancy; and I have blamed them, and I do blame them, and they deserve to be blamed. But the people, who hold them in their control, are more to blame than they, for their cowardice. But when a clergyman comes to learn to scorn his place, and his parish, and his salary, choosing rather the want of place, and of parish, and of salary, with the privileges that they give, and keeping only his integrity of purpose and action—when he comes to know that there is a wealth that thieves cannot steal—the approval of his own conscience—and that is more to him than the approval of all those whose breath is in their nostrils—then he will not stop to ask whether this man, who helps pay his salary, or the other, will be pleased if he opens his lips for the dumb; he will come up here, away from the circles of fashion with which he has been connected, and labour with us for the deliverance of them that are in bonds.

I know it costs something to be free—I have learned it. It costs something to be free, even in the least things. Dare to differ from the fashion and custom and opinion of those about you, and just so surely are you made to smart—from those, too, who ought to be larger than to do it. The world may sneer at the nobleness of soul it cannot imitate; friends may rebuke that which they cannot comprehend; and even affection may be blind to the deep mysteries and high and noble purposes of life; but the consciousness of rectitude is its own exceeding great reward (loud applause). The soul, animated with a holy purpose, is able always to trample under its feet all of opprobrium or of ridicule that malice or meanness can throw in its way. The soul that has a holy purpose, strengthened by that purpose, is able to pass by these petty meannesses, only with a feeling of pity that circumstances have so belittled human beings everywhere, that they are not capable of receiving and using the reward which comes from freedom of mind and body.

I say again, it costs something to be free; but then, in freedom itself there is that richness, that treasure of wealth, which will amply repay all that can be lost otherwise. Take a true position, and, by your earnest and faithful life, be understood as having taken it for conscience and the truth's sake, and the grand of soul, the true and noble-hearted, will rally to your side, and round your brow,

'Through rifted clouds and parted,
Stream down the smile of God;'

and in that smile, and with it, it does not matter who of flesh may frown (loud cheers).

If I were asked what should be the first help to emancipate the slave, and the second, and the third, I should say to the first, Courage; and to the second, *Courage*; and COURAGE to the last! (Applause.) Courage! Gather freedom, each man for himself, each woman for herself, and then use it for the good of all. Spurn the bond of servitude that keeps us now always asking what this great world, with its little fractions of men and women, is going to say, rather than trying to find answers to the great questions of truth and duty.

I am ashamed of a people which stoops to curry favour with a nation like this—a nation which, as Stephen Foster says, 'steal babies and whip women'—asking privileges of baby-stealers, and of those who, if they do not themselves wield the cowskin over their fellows, stand by those who do! Why, if they be mean men who drive their fellow-beings like cattle, and sell them in the shambles, and steal from the mother her baby, how mean must those be who go and cringe to such men, and ask their favour! (Cheers.) I have no word that can speak the contempt I feel for it; and yet, that poor fawning is everywhere, and men act upon their knowledge of it. That poor miserable man in the Assembly at Albany, who introduced a bill which aimed to make the great State of New York a hunting-ground for the slaveholder, he did that foul, mean deed because he understood that he was surrounded by cravens and cowards. The deed never would have been done, only so there had been a noble manhood about him; but there was not, and so he was able to offer what he did. Dr. Fuller came to Massachusetts from Baltimore, and boasted that he held his fellow-beings in bondage; and Dr. Sharp invited him to his pulpit here in Boston, and stood there by the side of this man who stole babies and whipped women! He would never have done this shameful thing had those whom he served, and the community about him, been manly and courageous men.

This cowardice is everywhere; in Congress, in the pulpit, in the press, in the church—*everywhere*. There is no one who does not feel the taint of it, more or less. It would seem that the tales which are told of the wrongs of the slave would startle to life the manhood of the nation. But they do not, and cannot, until we are ourselves freer than we are.

Men! Abolitionists! who have gathered here from all parts of New England, carry back to Maine, to the White Hills of New Hampshire, to the Green Mountains of Vermont, to Connecticut, to Rhode Island—carry in your minds and hold fast in your hearts, and always give the people, the idea that among the first things that true love and sympathy for the slave requires, in order to make that sympathy effective, is to obtain for themselves that freedom which shall make them dare to do the deed they know needs to be done for the slave—to abandon, if need be, the church in which both their father and mother and themselves have grown up—even though it makes their foes those of their own household, and the men they have been wont to call friends grow cold towards them. What we need is, an heroic faith in justice, benevolence, truth and right, going up over our hills and valleys; and against this, sustained by earnest word and earnest deed, the Slave Power cannot stand. The base are always cowards; and when they find the sturdy stand of an earnest manhood and womanhood arrayed against them, the slaveholders will feel that the day of their triumph is over. But now, they make you hunt down their fugitive slaves, and taunt you with being meaner than those on the plantation. Throw off from your spirit the fetter that makes you stop to ask, 'What will people say?' Do not ask that question, friends. It does not make any difference. Do not ask whether anybody is going to laugh at you for being true to yourself. Nobody was ever hurt by being laughed at—if there was, he deserved to be (laughter); but simply ask and strive faithfully to know the right, and then, if the heavens fall, DO IT! (Loud cheers.) Then will the slave come out of his prison-house—and not till then (applause).

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

**** All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns should be addressed to* Sydney Howard Gay, *New-York.*

†‡† Donations to the Treasury of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY *may be forwarded to* Francis Jackson, *Treasurer, at Boston; or to* Sydney Howard Gay, *New-York.*

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1853.

ZION IN DISTRESS.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church (N. S.) was held two or three weeks ago in Buffalo. Holy men came together from the South and North, West and East, to take counsel for the edifying of the walls of Zion. They took the wings of the morning and fled to the uttermost parts of the land, even to the very borders of the Canaanites of Canada, and yet they could not find rest to their souls. The spectre of Slavery would intrude itself in the midst of their assembly. The national skeleton was found sitting at the head of their Feast. In vain did they protest and reclaim against its presence. It would not down at their bidding. Dr. Eddy, of Newark, took strong ground on the subject. It was not he alone that was tired of this impertinent intrusion of Slavery upon the Assembly. "He was tired of this discussion, and longed for repose; HE BELIEVED THE GREAT HEAD OF THE CHURCH ASKED FOR REPOSE ON THIS SUBJECT." Many other Reverend men also lamented that they could have no peace for those obtrusive blacks. We sympathize with these suffering brethren, but we fear that there is no help for them. There is nothing for it but to reorganize and form a Church under a Head, such as Dr. Eddy somewhat profanely (as it strikes us mere comeouters) believes the present Head of the Church to be—one who is tired of the incessant importunity of the Slave and his friends, and who requires that his praise should be mused by the expressive silence of the Saints on sins which they happen particularly to affect. The difficulty lies in the way in which the heart of man was originally made, and in the erroneous ideas which prevail as to the character of Jesus Christ and the means and end of the Christian Religion. We need a new Luther in some Dr. Eddy to reform these errors of doctrine and practice, and to put us all into the way wherein we should go.

The question was first brought up by a communication from the Oswego Presbytery, which body had the grave assurance to decline sending Commissioners to the General Assembly, till it be disconnected from Slavery! This disorderly and insolent intimation could not but excite a degree of righteous indignation even in bosoms so long-suffering as those of this Assembly of the Saints. We are happy to say, however, that these recusant brethren were dealt with in a manner which, it cannot but be hoped, will prevent such irregularities for the future. The Assembly says, in its action on this subject, it "has heard this document read, only with grief and disapprobation.

It is happily a strange or rather an unique paper; the Assembly hopes its like will never be re-produced, to do evil; since, it were hard for any wise man to think, that such a measure could do good, in any possible relation.

The Assembly, remembering *the meekness and gentleness of Christ*, would treat the action of the Presbytery of Oswego, from which no such action was ever anticipated, with great forbearance; still hoping, from all its known antecedents, and from some or all of its minority, and from the better second thoughts of all its members, that its very censurable example will be wisely corrected before the next Assembly shall convene.

The Assembly then proceeds to expostulate with its erring brethren in three suggestions, of which the last must suffice.

Whether the solemn import of their ordination vows and obligations, as personal Christians, has been more honoured, or more violated by their individual action in this matter, which the Assembly forbears largely to characterize as it plainly deserves; the Assembly solemnly condemns; yet with paternal or rather fraternal feelings, and in the name of the Great Head of the Church, commends to their re-consideration, who have done this deed, and for which it is the prayer of the Assembly that God would give them the grace of repentance.

We trust that these sinners who have thus been guilty in the sight of God and Man of the crime of refusing to act with an Ecclesiastical Body, which had connection with Slavery, will be brought to repentance. Else, let them be cut off and given over to be buffeted. They are, very clearly, not fit to be of that Society of the Elect.

This was not the only Memorial on the subject, inasmuch as the Rev. Dr. Cox reported that there were several which he moved to refer to a Special and Wise Committee. For it is a melancholy fact that the progress of fanaticism has been such, that these Venerable Ecclesiastical Bodies are compelled to stoop to the notice of such insignificant and perfectly foreign matters, as the buying and selling of their own ministers (possibly) and church-members (certainly) in market overt and by public outcry. It is a sad desecration of their dignity, but they are obliged to bow their reverend heads to the hard necessity. This Special and Wise Committee, consisting of two from New York, one from Michigan, one from Indiana, one from Kentucky, one from Ohio and one from Delaware, made a unanimous Report. After "much patient and prayerful consideration of the whole subject in all its complicated and perplexing relations," advise, 1, that the Assembly should reaffirm the doctrine of the Second Resolution of the General Assembly at Detroit in 1850, viz.:

Resolved, That the holding of our fellow-men in the condition of Slavery, except in those cases where it is unavoidable by the laws of the State, the obligations

of guardianship or the demands of humanity, is an offence in the proper import of that term as used in the Book of Discipline, chapter I, section 3, and should be regarded and treated in the same manner as other offences,

And 2, that the Synods of the Slaveholding States be requested to report to the next General Assembly—

1. The number of slaveholders in connection with the churches, and the number of slaves held by them.

2. The extent to which slaves are held from an unavoidable necessity imposed by the laws of the States, the obligations of guardianship and the demands of humanity.

3. Whether the Southern churches regard the sacredness of the marriage relation as it exists among the slaves; whether baptism is duly administered to the children of the slaves, professing Christianity, and, in general, to what extent and in what manner provision is made for the religious well-being of the enslaved.

And 3,

That this Assembly do earnestly exhort and beseech all those in our Church who are happily relieved from any personal connection with the institution of Slavery, to exercise due patience and forbearance toward their brethren less fortunate than themselves, remembering the embarrassments of their peculiar position, and to cherish for them that fraternal confidence and love to which, as Christian brethren, they are entitled, and which they the more need in consequence of the peculiar trials by which they are surrounded.

This Report, thus wise and temperate, met with a warm opposition. Not on account of the re-affirmation of the Detroit Resolution. For, as the laws of no Slave State permit Emancipation on the soil, and as every Slave is held for his own good, of course,

> "Its toxing, like a wild-goose, flies,
> Unclaimed by any man."

The objection was, the impertinence of the Assembly in presuming to inquire into the business arrangements and private amusements of the Southern Saints. The Rev. Dr. Ross, of Tennessee, moved to amend the Report by adding a number of interrogatories to be sent to the Northern Synods, of which the following are a part.

1. The number of Northern church members who traffic with slaveholders, and are seeking to make money by selling them negro clothing, hand-cuffs and cowhides.

2. How many Northern church members are concerned, directly or indirectly, in building and fitting out ships for the African slave-trade, and the slave-trade between the States.

3. How many Northern church members have sent orders to New Orleans and other Southern cities to have slaves sold, to pay debts coming to them from the South. [See Uncle Tom's Cabin.]

* * * * * * *

8. How many Northern church members, ministers especially, have advocated *murder* in resistance to the laws of the land.

9. How many Northern church members own stock in underground railroads, running off fugitive slaves, and Sabbath-breaking railroads and canals.

10. That a special committee be sent up Red River to ascertain whether *Legree* who whipped Uncle Tom to death (and a Northern *gentleman*) be not still in connection with some Northern church in good and regular standing

11. How many Northern church members attend meetings of Spiritual Rappers—are Bloomers—or Women's Rights conventionalists.

12. How many are cruel husbands.

13. How many are hen-pecked husbands.

The Report, after a long discussion, mainly turning on the question of impertinent interference, was indefinitely postponed, under the prepense of the Previous Question. Such strong remonstrances, however, were made by the Rev. Messrs. Spees of Galena, Shumway of Geneva, and Hopkins of Elyria, the last of whom said that "he knew there were presbyteries, and more than one, that were represented here *for the last time*, if this were to be the law," that the postponement was reconsidered. It was discussed at subsequent sessions and finally adopted by a vote of 84 to 35—89 being absent; in other words, dodging the question. Two Protests were offered, by members of the minority. Surely, our Southern brethren have no reason to complain of the treatment they have received, and the Evangelical Christians of the British Islands will see how false are the charges brought against the American Church, by such infidels as Mrs. Stowe, of any neglect of duty in the premises.

But this was not the only proof the Assembly gave of a wise spirit ot conciliation. A History of the Division of the Church, it seems, has been published by the Rev. Dr. Judd. We infer, from the discussions, that this Rev. gentleman was *left* to commit the imprudence (not to say, impropriety, in so grave a case) of telling the truth as to the *momentum* which Slavery gave to the wedge which split the Presbyterian Church in two. An opportunity was now given to this erring brother to retrace his steps. It being understood that a new edition was to be published, the proper Committee reported that such alterations as the author and the Synod of New York and New Jersey might choose to make, be approved also by the Assembly. This gave rise to an animated discussion, in the course of which it was stated that the author had expressed a willingness "to alter the book *so as to answer its purpose in all parts of the Church*." Mr. Niles, ot Fox River, said that the book could not be circulated at the North with the parts relating to Slavery left out, and Mr. Magruder, of Mississippi, said it could not circulate at the South if they were retained, and he, wisely, suggested that there should be two edition, one for the South and one for the North. Our valuable friend, Dr. Eddy, however, finally settled the matter by moving a substitute, which, instead of endorsing the book, commended it to the examination of all the members of the Church, with a view to the attainment of a correct history of the painful disruption ot the Church. This passed unanimously.

But while so much of holy time was wasted on the immaterial and disorderly question of whether Christians can properly buy and sell one another, with all the incidents of ownership, we can relieve the distress of our readers by assuring them that the weightier matters of the law were not neglected. The subject of "a uniform posture in prayer, singing and hearing, mode of administering the sacrament and all other parts of public worship," was considered and referred to the next Assembly. The offence of promiscuous dancing was rebuked as follows:

Resolved, That the fashionable amusement of promiscuous dancing is so entirely unscriptural add eminently and exclusively that of the "world which lieth in wickedness," and so wholly inconsistent with the spirit of Christ, and with that propriety of Christian deportment, and that purity of heart which his followers are bound to maintain, as to render it not only improper and injurious for professing Christians either to partake in it or qualify their children for it by teaching them the art; but also to call for the faithful and judicious exercise of discipline on the part of the Church Sessions, when any of the members of their churches have been guilty.

Also it was decided that a man may not marry *his own sister's daughter!* A question which we had never conceived could have been suggested in any civilized Assembly, Religious or Secular. It was moved to postpone it indefinitely, which was lost. And on the final question, the Resolution passed, with *but two or three dissenting voices!* Perhaps the next Assembly will re-affirm the first prohibition in the list of Prohibited Degrees—"a man may not marry his Grandmother!" We commend the action of this venerable Assembly to the Christians of Great Britain and Ireland, hoping that they will repent whatever share they may have taken in the slanders cast on the American Church.—E. Q.

Ellis Gray Loring.—A letter from this gentleman, honourable to him alike as a man and an Abolitionist, will be found embodied in an article which we have copied in another column from the London *Anti-Slavery Advocate*. We can readily forgive his momentary forgetfulness of his "fellow-countrymen in chains," when we find him so willing to accept the rebuke of a friend and so ready to acknowledge his fault.

JANE TRAINER.

The case of this child is at length decided, and decided as it should have been a month ago, in accordance with the dictates of common sense and common law. The friends of the father, after the adverse decision of Judge Duer, brought the case before Judge Barculo of the Supreme Court, by writ of *habeas corpus*, though at the very outset their efforts came near being defeated by the New York Regent, Capt. Rynders, under the advice of Mr. Counsellor Brady. The writ was served by a sheriff of Kings Co. (Brooklyn), where Judge Barculo is holding a special term of the Supreme Court, under the delegated authority of the Sheriff of this County. The child was taken, and permission given to the woman Porter to accompany it to Brooklyn; but instead of proceeding thither immediately, for obvious reasons the New York officer chose first to go to Brady's office. Thence a message was sent to Rynders, who soon appeared with his body-guard, and the result was that the officer refused to give up the papers or to execute the writ, and the Kings County Sheriff was compelled to return alone to Brooklyn. For this interference with the law, Rynders and some others were arrested and taken the next day before Judge Barculo, and we regret to add that he let the ruffians off with an apology. As we ought, however, to be thankful for small favours, it is a subject of congratulation that the time has come when Captain Rynders condescends to apologize to a Court of Justice, and authorizes the hope, perhaps, that at some future day he may stand in still nearer relations to that arm of the State.

The second attempt to get the child before Judge Barculo was more successful, and, after hearing counsel, the Judge gave his decision on Monday, directing "an order to be entered adjudging that the said Charles Trainer is entitled to the care and custody of said Jane Trainer, and directing her to be delivered to him as her father, leaving him, like the rest of us, responsible to his conscience and his God for the manner in which he shall fulfil the trust thus restored to him." In the argument which leads him to this conclusion he first disposes of certain points of law, or rather quibbles raised by the opposing counsel, and then, on the principles of common law, and by the authority of various precedents, shows that the father is the natural guardian of the child; that it is not to be assumed that a child under fourteen years of age is possessed of sufficient discretion to chose her own guardian; that a house of ill fame is not a suitable place, nor one of its inmates a proper person, for the education of such a child; and that, therefore, it being shown that Charles Trainer is the father of Jane, she should be given into his possession and care. In the course of his decision, the Judge said very pointedly and justly: "In every aspect in which this case can be received, we are compelled to admit that the father's right to the possession of the child is superior to that of the respondent; and I may be pardoned for saying, that, if he moved in the higher walks of life, if he were a white man of standing and influence in the community, the truth of this proposition would be universally acknowledged, and any tribunal that, having authority, should hesitate to afford relief, would subject itself to just reproach. The public voice, as well as common sense, would declare that, if our Courts permit children of such an age to leave their parents and take up their abode as they please, a most valuable social relation would be subverted, and the foundations of domestic peace and enjoyment broken up and destroyed." And in this statement lies, as we think, the gist of the whole matter; had the Trainers been white, the decision would have been within twenty-four hours after the case was brought into Court, precisely that which is now reached after a month's litigation.

After all that had been said of the child's desire to remain with her mistress, she went off quietly and contentedly enough with her father, and being fairly out of the power of the wretch who had controlled her, she soon showed that she had been compelled to act a part, only begging that she might not be "whipped for doing what missus told her to." A subscription has been set on foot for the purchase of Trainer's wife, now in Alabama, which, we hope, will be successful. The *Journal of Commerce*, we presume, will call upon the Union Safety Committee to indemnify the procuress for the loss of a portion of her stock in trade.

A VOICE FROM BRITISH DEMOCRATS.

We take great pleasure in giving publicity to the following Address from the Democrats of England to the Democrats of the United States. It is a manly and noble appeal, from men whose sentiments cannot fail to be respected by all Americans who can so far master their prejudices as to give them a candid hearing. This appeal cannot be answered by fierce abuse of the English aristocracy, for it comes from those who are struggling to abolish all aristocratic prerogatives, and who find American Slavery an obstacle in their path. No words of ours could add any force to this earnest remonstrance, and we hope the press of our country will give it the widest possible circulation. American Democrats! read it, and blush for yourselves that you needed such a rebuke:

To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune:

Sir: We have the honour to transmit to you the accompanying Address from the Democrats of England to the Democrats of the United States. It is an address from friends of America and Negro Emancipation to the publicists of your country.

Without implying any disrespect to the well-intended Address of the Ladies of Stafford House on the subject of American Slavery, it had been thought by many here that an appeal by aristocratic Duchesses was not likely to be received without prejudice by the Democratic men and women of the United States. This address, therefore, has been signed only by those who could call themselves Democrats.

After the Stafford House Address was made public, a diversity of opinion arose (not of disagreement with the tenor of that document, but of the policy of the act itself), and probably this Address would not have been proceeded with, had not Mrs. Stowe (who, by the way, knows nothing whatever of this communication) incidentally observed that these expressions of opinion were useful. A far greater number of signatures might have been obtained had more time been taken to collect them. The brief mode of collecting the names has been this: A copy of the Address has been sent to *one* person in each of our principal towns, and made returnable within *one* week, with a request to the person receiving it to obtain "about a dozen" signatures of the most known persons accessible to him. These signatures thus collected are in a certain sense representative names. Instructions were given carefully to restrict the names to those who deliberately thought this *form* of address might be useful. Many well known and influential publicists have indeed refused to sign it, because its tone of reprobation of Slavery was not unmitigated. The Address expresses less indignation than a Democrat must feel at Negro Slavery, but it aims to express that measure and circumstance of dislike which may be of real use against the evil sought to be abolished.

We are aware that the power of Congress is strictly limited by Law; but we address the members of *all* the States, and presuming that "where there is a will there is a way," trust that "way" may be found. But it would have been unseemly to urge any particular *mode* of Constitutional action, of which the citizens of the States must judge for themselves.

In the circulation of this Address the desire of the circulators has been respected, that it should not appear in any English paper until dispatched to the Editor of the New York *Tribune*, and of the journals of this country it will be first sent to the *Times*.

We, the undersigned, who have the honour to transmit this Address, are merely the persons who volunteered to circulate it, which we have done among such British Democrats as were accessible to us.

G. Jacob Holyake, Richard Moore,
Colman Burroughs.

Leader Office, No. 7 Wellington street, Strand, London, May, 1851.

ADDRESS FROM THE DEMOCRATS OF ENGLAND TO THE DEMOCRATS OF THE UNITED STATES.

Brethren in Origin, in Freedom, and in Principle! Your liberties have grown out of an old English root. On your side of the Atlantic the interests of the multitude were not clipped and crippled by old hereditary powers. Among you all *our* principles have grown strong, which here are comparatively feeble. We are proud of you as fulfilling many of our aspirations. We look up to you, as chief influences of a mighty administration to perform services for us and for Europe, which no other power on earth can perform.

You already sympathize deeply with the prostrate liberties of Europe. You are indignant that in Hungary and in Italy foreign despotism has interfered to control the sacred right of those countries to enact their own independent form of government. In assisting, by whatever means of diplomacy or of arms, the legitimate independence of injured nations, you will promote also *our* interests, by rendering our aristocracy anxious to make their power less and less invidious, more and more conciliating.

You are the first Democratic Republic which has ever spread over a vast continent, and has extended its liberty to the millions. You are not a single city, and that a dominant one, as Rome of old, or as Venice; but your liberty penetrates the whole mass—is understood, loved, and supported by the real working men. Among you the industrious never need to be poor, nor to be ignorant. A self made man may rise to the highest offices of State; nor is the wife or daughter of your President ashamed to earn a livelihood by her own talents. Again, we say, we are proud of you, and look to your moral influences to assist our children to be less unlike you than we ourselves are.

Desiring thus your greatness, your honour, and your effective diplomatic intervention in the cause of rightful liberties, we cannot without grief and vexation see any great forces operating which cast your influence into the scale of despotism, make many of you sympathize with European tyrants, and spoil the great work which our imagination fondly hopes is gloriously reserved for you.

We cannot be ignorant of the grievous fact that in all parts of your Union there is a new and dangerous dread of those broad principles of Freedom which your glorious grandfathers spoke out to the world when they declared their independence of England. Their words, we believe, were—"All men are created free and equal." Only by broad truths of this nature sinking deep into men's consciences and hearts can popular liberty ever be won. It grieves us to hear the taunts of the enemies of Freedom, who say that you do not love human liberty, but only your own selfish liberty; and that you broke loose from England under false pretences, which you do not yourselves believe. It mortifies us still worse to be told that those among you who no longer wish *all* men to be free, but only men of pure white descent, dread to support *our* political interests, which are identified with the liberties of Hungary and of Italy, lest they should enact a principle inconvenient to themselves.

We will not exhort you to philanthropy; for we are ashamed to seem to think that we have more kindness than you, or that we better understand how to administer the internal affairs of your country. But we implore you, as our more favoured brethren, to whom a vast power is committed, and from whom every oppressed Democracy learns to hope and aspire—we implore you not to abandon the cause of Human Freedom, or allow *any principles* to be dominant among yourselves which re-enact Slavery, oligarchy, and despotism. True Democracts of America, let not the Russian and Austrian paralyze your power to help liberty, by arousing the fears of rich men lest liberty perchance go so far as to make black men also free. Despise as traitors all who would betray sacred Liberty for sacred wealth. Remember your own first principles, the corner-stone of your Union and Independence; and to secure that Union may be gloriously indissoluble, take care that your Congress reverence its foundation, and that no institution be recognised by Congress which is adverse to universal human freedom. If the black man cannot be made free to-day (about which we offer no opinion), yet let it be manifest to the world that you are taking measures for the freedom of his children, and that the present strange legality of selling your fellow-countrymen for silver, is transitory and ready to vanish. Let no subtle influences of despotism steal in and corrupt your freedom, by teaching you to act the despot yourselves. Believe in your high mission to promote the world's progress, and purify yourselves for that glorious service by determining to verify in every part of your Union the words of your own manifesto —"All men are created free and equal."

One duty will not supersede nor delay another. Brace up your hearts to extinguish Slavery as soon as it can be done *with safety*, and you will at once have double resolution, double moral power, to re-animate the swooning liberties of Europe. Fail us not, we pray you! but urge your Government to all active aid which can be prudently and wisely given, and that without delay. Strengthen your own liberties, fulfil your providential destiny, and earn the glory of rescuing fallen Europe—a glory which *our* Government does not know how to appreciate or to achieve.

Here follow the signatures, 1,858 in number.

Enoch Reed, who was convicted last winter under an old statute for resisting an officer in the Jerry Rescue case, but whose sentence was postponed to await the result of a motion for a new trial, died of consumption at the residence of James Waggoner, a coloured man, in Syracuse, on the 8th inst. The motion for a new trial was to have been argued at Canandaigua at the term which will commence on Tuesday next. He is now effectually released from the unrelenting grasp of our slaveholding government. The Syracuse *Standard*, in noticing his demise, furnishes the following account of his life:

Reed's life was a checkered and eventful one. He was a native of New England, born a freeman, and during the early portion of his life followed the sea for a livelihood, in the Merchant service, and the Whale Fishery. Being possessed of herculean frame and strength and generous disposition, he was an able seaman and extremely popular with his commander and shipmates. Since his arrest for participation in the Jerry Rescue, his former Captain, with whom Enoch had spent nearly four years in the Pacific Ocean, offered him the post of Second Mate on one of the best Whaleships out of New Bedford, but Reed was too honourable to leave his bail to suffer for his absence.

Of late years Enoch has been engaged during the summers as boatman on the Erie Canal, and in the winter in whatever business he could obtain, and always, so far as known, he earned his living by hard labour. His sailer habits and social nature often led him into scenes of dissipation, but no one ever charged him with dishonesty. It will be recollected that he was concerned in a riot on Salina street, on the 1st of January, 1852, in which one of his antagonists, an Irishman, was killed, and two others badly wounded, and upon a searching investigation before a Coroner's Jury, and afterwards before the Police Justice, Enoch was entirely exonerated from all blame, and set at liberty. He was badly hurt at that time by the blows of his assailants, and his disease, which was undoubtedly brought on by exposure, was probably aggravated by injuries he received in the affray.

He was tried and convicted of resisting an officer of the government in the performance of his duty (not under the Fugitive Slave Act), and, at the instance of Judge Hall, his sentence was postponed until the result of a motion to grant a new trial was known. The motion was to be argued at the next term of the Court in Canandaigua, on the third Tuesday of the present month. Perhaps it may not be improper to say that the friends of Reed deny his participation in the rescue, until after Jerry was brought out of the office, when it was discovered that he was unable to walk in consequence of the manacles on his feet, and the fugitive was taken up in the arms of stout men, and carried through the streets.

Reed had many faults, but no man ever possessed a more generous heart, or more honourable feelings.

British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society.—We have reproduced on the first page, from the London *Anti-Slavery Advocate*, a forcible and discriminating critique of the proceedings of this Society at its recent anniversary in Exeter Hall. It does seem to us a striking illustration of the narrow prejudice and hunkerish dulness that prevail in the counsels of that respectable organization, that it should have called upon Professor Stowe, who has never been known in this country as an Abolitionist, and whose knowledge of the cause hardly reaches beyond its A, B, C, to address the multitude gathered on that important occasion, while it doomed to silence James Miller McKim, a man who has been intimately and honourably connected with the Anti-Slavery Movement in his native land for a period of twenty years, and who, by his abilities and attainments, no less than by his extensive experience, was pre-eminently qualified to enlighten and edify a British assembly upon any and every phase of the peculiar institution. As British usage, however, would not permit the author of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' to open her mouth on the occasion, however much she might have desired to do so, it was natural, perhaps, that the British public should anticipate a speech from the man whose intimate connection with her entitled him in some sense to the honour of appearing on her behalf; but we can imagine no plea, save that of ignorance of his character and standing at home, which can justify the omission to ask Mr. McKim also to make an address. We are sorry, as American Abolitionists, that so good an opportunity of enlightening the British public in respect to the true state of the cause here, and the means by which they can most effectually aid it, was thrown away; while their attention was diverted to theories and measures altogether too absurd and impracticable to be worthy of serious discussion. Let us hope that no such mistake will be made hereafter.

The Slavery Question in California.—The attempt to divide California, and to legalize Slavery in the Southern division is said to have failed for the present; but the tools of the slave power are indefatigable and will not abandon their project. Meanwhile there is a feverish state of public sentiment in many parts of the State, a few insisting upon the right to discuss the subject, and many more affecting to see great danger in agitation! A correspondent of the *Tribune* writes from San Francisco as follows:

Some few evenings since the members of the Mercantile Library Association had up for debate the question, "Will the interests of the State of California be promoted by a division of the State?" A most glowing *coleur de rose* address in the negative opened the evening's discussion, and was followed by a more logical and serious view of the question which was destined to have been very interesting, when the speaker incidentally touched upon the fact that division would be followed by the introduction of the curse of Slavery, when up sprang a dozen at once, with cries of 'Order, order,' &c. And then arose question upon question, and 'Order' upon 'Order,' until 'Order' was fairly piled up in agony; and thus the evening passed, ending finally in sustaining the Chair in its position, that all collateral questions and subjects might of right be introduced into the debate, when the question was continued for a subsequent evening and decided negatively. It was amusing, most laughable, to witness the fluttering, and panting, and anxiety of those undoubted *friends* of the *extension* of the 'area of freedom,' in their deprecation of the introduction of all 'exciting topics,' 'exciting questions,' &c., *there*—as if that place were too sacred to discuss any topic of deep and abiding interest in all its bearings.

It is the game of the propagandists in every position to choke off all allusion to the subject of Slavery; and it is perfectly curious to witness the distress of the time-serving herd of traffickers in goods, law, medicine, religion and politics, whenever a truthful remark is made in relation to it—in fact to even the mention of the very term. But during all this time the propaganda are fortifying for a grand *coup de main*. The cursed 'institution' is like 'the daughter of the horse leach—crying 'more, more,' and would never be satisfied until it had cursed all the loveliest portions of earth with its system of injustice, fraud, robbery, rapine and crime, and vice of every grade, in its most damning character. I am a Southron, but an expatriated Southron, because I had learned to abhor its iniquitous, unchristian 'institutions.' I know the Southern game and Southern tactics in all their cunning phases, and hate them as cordially as I well know them. It is a game of 'brag' and 'bluff,' and knavery from the start.

Mrs. Stowe and the English Contributions.—The pro-slavery journals have been deeply exercised by what they affected to regard as a gross impropriety in Mrs. Stowe, viz. her condescending to receive contributions in money from the friends of the Anti-Slavery cause in great Britain. Pretending to believe that those contributions were intended for her private use, and that she received them with that understanding, they have expended no small amount of indignation in view of her supposed mendicancy. The imputation was of course entirely gratuitous, being contradicted not only by Mrs. Stowe's high character, but by the very conditions and circumstances under which she consented to go abroad. Her brother, Henry Ward Beecher, has, however, felt himself called upon to give an emphatic denial to statements so recklessly and groundlessly put forth. In the *Independent* of the 2d inst. he says:

It is well known to many that Mrs. Stowe has from the first desired to turn whatever influence this work (Uncle Tom's Cabin) might give her, to the elevation of the African race. The plan which has been most in her thoughts has been a Seminary in which persons of African descent may be thoroughly educated, not merely in literary and scientific courses, but in practical arts, by which they might secure and maintain a proper place in society. To the founding of such an institution she has determined to contribute much of her income; and the hope of securing greater interest for it was one among the chief reasons for her tour. The generous contributions in money, made to her in Great Britian, are not understood by either party, but certainly not by Mrs. Stowe, to be for her own personal and private use, but to be employed for the elevation and education of the free coloured people of the North.

What slander will the enemies of the Anti-Slavery cause next invent to blast the influence of Mrs. Stowe?

Rev. Henry D. Moore, for several years the Pastor of the Second Independent (Orthodox) Church in Philadelphia, has relinquished that post and accepted a call to the Old North Church in Portsmouth, N. H. He is an earnest and out-spoken Abolitionist, and we cannot but regret his removal from a city where ministers of his stamp are so few. As one illustration of his faithfulness, we may remark that, despising the cry of "infidelity" which he knew would be raised against him, he boldly opened his church last fall for an Anti-Slavery lecture by Mr. Garrison, and manifested his hearty sympathy by taking part in the services of the occasion. We trust that, in his new position, he will ever exhibit the same generous and catholic spirit, and that, among the pro-slavery clergy of the Granite State, he may become a burning and shining light, revealing their short-comings and leading them by his example to the discharge of their duty to the bondman.

"Separation from Sin and Sinners."—This is the title of a pamphlet just issued by the American Reform Tract and Book Society, whose seat of operations is in Cincinnati. It is designed to show that Churches and benevolent Societies are bound by their professions to separate themselves from the workers of iniquity, and especially from slaveholders; and that individual Christians ought to withdraw from bodies that fail, after due admonition, to perform this duty. The argument is unanswerable, and we sincerely hope the tract may be scattered all over the land, thick as the leaves of autumn. The popular Church will not attempt a direct reply, but content herself with denouncing as schismatics those who have dared to rebuke her thus for her iniquities. But truth is mighty and will one day prevail.

Mrs. Stowe's Private Influence.—Some interesting statements respecting the influence of Mrs. Stowe in modifying the prejudice against Mr. Garrison and his friends, existing in Scotland, will be found in the article on the first page, from the *Glasgow Sentinel*.

Erratum.—In the Letter of our Boston Correspondent, about the middle of Fourth Paragraph, for "*mention* of Mr. Fletcher's legal opinion," &c., read *insertion*, &c.

PROJECTED INSURRECTION AT NEW ORLEANS.

Just as our paper is going to press, the telegraph brings the intelligence that a scheme of insurrection among the slaves of New Orleans came to light on the evening of the 13th, being revealed by the ring-leader. Great alarm was caused by this development, the police were armed and the military were called out, &c. We shall learn further particulars hereafter.

CONDENSATIONS.

It is said that Mrs Stowe has been offered $10,000 by an English bookseller for a work on temperance, on the plan of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'

——The election of Miss Olive Rose as Register of Deeds in Lincoln Co., Maine, is to be contested, so say the papers, on Constitutional grounds. The opinion of the Supreme Court will probably be invoked.

——The West Chester (Pa.) *Register and Examiner* learns that from 3,000 to 5,000 people listened to the debate between C. C. Burleigh and Rev. Mr. Orvis on the connection of the American Church with Slavery. The debate was held at London Grove in that county.

——Henry B. Blackwell, whose eloquent defence of the Free Soil party in the New England Convention our readers have seen, is a brother of Elizabeth Blackwell, M. D., of this city.

——Basil White, a fugitive slave from Baltimore Co., Maryland, who had lived in Philadelphia since last winter, was summarily surrendered by Commissioner Ingraham on the 1st instant. He was betrayed into the clutches of the Kidnapper Alberti, by a coloured man named John Dorsey.

——The people of Belleville, Illinois, were lately astonished and electrified by a course of lectures upon moral and social questions, delivered by Miss Olive Starr Wait, a woman hitherto unknown to fame, but who is described as a powerful writer and speaker. We shall doubtless hear more of her in time to come.

——The revolutionists, who are seeking the overthrow of the reigning dynasty in China, when they take possession of a town, put up a placard on the doors of the public female schools, containing these words: "Young women live here: whoever enters and behaves himself improperly will be beheaded." If such a rule were enforced in the armies of so-called *Christian* nations, a pretty large number of soldiers, we fancy, would lose their heads.

——Rev. Dr. Lord, President of Dartmouth College (N. H.), has written and published a disgracefully pro-slavery discourse, entitled, "The Improvement of the Present State of Things." According to the *Independent Democrat*, all reform is pronounced impossible except upon the basis of the lower law sort of piety. "Woe unto you, blind guides!"

——The *Weekly Budget*, for which we last week spoke a kind word, gives the public, in its second number, more than a column upon Abolitionism, in the course of which it exhibits a degree of superficiality and prejudice that quite surprises us. Its arguments have been repeated a thousand times, and as often demolished. We are sorry to see a new paper so much behind the times.

——Hon. Edward Gordon, editor of the *Morning Journal*, is a candidate for the vacant Mayoralty of Kingston, Jamaica. Mr. Gordon is a coloured gentleman, and at present the leading member of the Council, and is admitted to be well qualified for the office to which he aspires. His opponent is a Jew.

——The Pope's prohibition of the circulation of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' must delight the heart of the New York *Observer*, and especially that of its editor, the Rev. S. I. Prime. If, in the enthusiasm of their joy at finding themselves in harmony with that peculiarly 'evangelical' functionary, the Pope of Rome, they should conclude to transfer themselves to the bosom of 'mother church,' we think the cause of Protestantism, already deeply disgraced by their defence of wickedness in high places, would not suffer materially from the defection.

——The Tuscan Government continues its persecution of Protestants for reading and circulating the Bible; yet, for fear of exciting attention abroad, arrests are usually made "on some political pretence." The Jesuit rulers of Tuscany have probably been taking a lesson from some of the lower law authorities in the United States, where, for fear of arousing the indignation of the people, fugitive slaves are arrested upon the false pretence that they have been guilty of theft, or some other heinous crime. The New York *Observer*, and other journals of the same sort, denounce the Tuscan authorities without stint for their hostility to the Bible and for resorting to deception to effect their objects; but they aid and abet those who, in our own country, keep the Bible from millions of God's children, and we have heard from them no denunciation of the sneaking artifices by which the negro-catchers compass their diabolical ends.

TEMPERANCE MOVEMENTS.

The New Jersey State Temperance Convention is to be held at Trenton, on the 21st of August.

——Dr. Jewett is lecturing in Michigan, stirring up the people to vote for the ratification of the Maine Law.

——Neal Dow is to address a Maine Law Mass Meeting of the People of Oswego County, at Fulton, on the Fourth of July.

——The Massachusetts *Life Boat* learns from various quarters of the State that the friends of the Maine Law are moving with great efficiency for its enforcement, and with the best results.

——The people of Washington (D. C.) have voted by a large majority against licenses. It is said that the Maine Law is becoming popular with Temperance men at the South.

——The Senate of this State has passed the Maine Law, by a vote of 17 to 13, with a provision to submit it to the decision of the people. We do not know if the House is likely to concur.

——L. Broad, Deacon of the Plymouth Church in Chicago, who has a contract for constructing near a thousand miles of railway, has adopted a rule that no intoxicating liquors shall, under any circumstances, be carried on the construction trains. Such a Deacon as that is a public benefactor.

——A terrible fight took place between the rowdies and the police in the Eleventh Ward on the 9th instant. It began in a low groggery, and several of the police, in attempting to restore quiet, were very severely bruised. All the fruit of the rum-traffic.

——Mr. Gough is reported to have made the extraordinary statement, that of 600,000 persons who had signed the pledge, in connection with the Washingtonian movement, 450,000 had broken it, and that the originator of the movement was keeping a low groggery at Baltimore, and was himself its best customer.

——At Sacramento, California, not long since, three lads (about 20 years each) were hung for crime. That city licenses the most foul and loathsome gambling hells and groggeries to *educate* in crime, and then turns round and hangs the unfortunate fools who practice upon the precepts taught them, who are not *smart* enough to cheat the gallows by bribes or cunning.

——Drunkenness and its attendant vices are frightfully prevalent in California, even among the members of the Legislature and the Judiciary. A correspondent of the *Tribune* says: "If you could but see the stacks of casks, and baskets and boxes of imitation drugged wines and liquors, and muddling, nasty beer, and know that it all would very soon be swallowed in California, your surprise at any wrongs committed, or crimes however dark, would cease, and you would be forced to bless Heaven that it were no worse than it is. The Temperance Phalanx is increasing, and, amid the formidable batteries of rum and rascality, are planting that sound and enduring standard whose ensign, nailed to its peak, is the Maine Law, and will get it, and enforce it, too."

ANTI-SLAVERY MOVEMENTS.

A Grand Mass Celebration is to be held on the ensuing Fourth of July, in the romantic grove at Abington, the scene of many other similar observances of that anniversary, by the friends of the Anti-Slavery Cause. The *Liberator* promises to give particulars hereafter.

——The Essex County (Mass.) Anti-Slavery Society is to hold its next anniversary at Lynn, on Saturday and Sunday, June 25th and 26th. Mr. Garrison's presence is promised.

——Parker Pillsbury is engaged in giving lectures in various parts of New Hampshire and Massachusetts. He is to deliver an Address at North Dennis, on Cape Cod, on the Fourth of July.

——Mr. Garrison is to speak in the Town Hall in Abington, Mass., to-morrow (Sunday).

——Sallie Holley is lecturing in New Hampshire. We know of no State in which labours such as hers are more needed than in the one which furnished the country with a lower law President, and sent Gag Atherton to the Senate instead of John P. Hale. If there is any humanity, or even soul, in that Slavery-ridden State, Miss Holley will reach it by her earnest and eloquent appeals.

POLITICS.

Hon. N. B. Baker has been nominated by the Hunker Democracy of New Hampshire as their candidate for Governor. The State being a mere province of the slave power, a nomination by that party is tantamount to an election; but the people must of course go through the farce of ratifying the doings of the caucus.

——Hon. Edmund Burke, one of the 'old guard' of the Democratic party, and a man of great influence in New Hampshire, presented a resolution to the Committee of the New Hampshire State Convention which he intended as a censure of President Pierce for bestowing appointments upon men whose allegiance to the Baltimore platform is somewhat doubtful. The Convention did not pass the resolution, but conciliated the mover by electing him as its presiding officer. It was probably thought that a gentle hint would do as well for President Pierce as open and direct censure.

——There are rumours of changes to take place in the Cabinet, but it is hard to say if they have any foundation in truth. The retirement of Marcy from the State Department and the appointment of Cushing in his place is predicted, in which case it is supposed that the former may supersede Soulé at Madrid, and Gen. Dix take the place to be vacated by Cushing.

——Col. Benton, in a late letter to the citizens of Springfield, Mo., speaks in the strongest terms of condemnation of some of President Pierce's appointments for that State. "The President," he says, "was deceived by false representations, to give offices to scamps whose legs were never seen crossed under a gentleman's table—who were the scum and dregs of all parties—who were fugitives from routed fields, or deserters from pledges given to the people, when they obtained these appointments."

——The Secretary of State has issued instructions to the diplomatic agents of our Government in foreign countries, requiring them, so far as practicable, without impairing their official usefulness, to appear in the Courts to which they are accredited in the simple dress of American citizens, instead of the fanciful liveries heretofore in use. The official livery of the Consul is likewise abolished, and they, as well as Envoys and Chargé d'Affaires, are peremptorily required to employ only American citizens as clerks in their respective offices.

FOREIGN.

The Steamer Pacific arrived at this port on Sunday.

The Turkish Government having refused to accede to certain demands of Russia, the diplomatic agent of the latter left Constantinople in a huff, and serious fears are entertained of a bloody conflict between the two countries, which would doubtless lead to a general European war.

The Chinese Rebellion is advancing steadily, and it seems probable that the reigning dynasty will be completely overthrown. The effects of such a revolution cannot be very confidently predicted. Nanking is in the hands of the insurgents.

Lord Ellesmere, appointed by the British Government to superintend the British Department of the Great Exhibition, arrived at this port in the war frigate Leander on Saturday. Now look out for a fresh display of toadyism on the part of our codfish aristocracy.

Miss Greenfield, the "Black Swan," recently gave a morning concert at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, under the patronage of the Duchess of Sutherland, the Dukes and Duchesses of Argyle, Norfolk, and Montrose, Lords Palmerston, Shaftesbury, Grosvenor, the Countess of Jersey, the French Ambassador, Ladies Villiers, Bunsen, Foley, and many others, as also Mrs. Stowe, who presented the Swan with a splendid dress of moire antique, trimmed with bugles, which she wore. Reserved seats were disposed of for half a guinea; unreserved seats for 7s. 6d.

SUMMARY.

The Annual Musical Festival of the Germans is to take place this year in Philadelphia, commencing on the 25th instant, and lasting until the 29th. The vocal societies of all the principal cities and towns will be present, making a chorus of about one thousand male singers. This is the fourth of these annual festivals, the first having been held in Philadelphia four years ago, the second in New York, and third in Baltimore.

A Correspondent of the Boston *Post*, writing from Paris, says: "I saw Mr. W. M. Thackeray (Pendennis) day before yesterday, strolling along the Boulevard des Italiens; he has just come out by the Canada, and is looking very well and in fine spirits. He speaks in the most enthusiastic manner of the United States, and contemplates returning there very shortly to reside permanently."

Beverly Tucker, Esq., of Virginia, is to establish a free-spoken, go-ahead, Young America Democratic paper at Washington forthwith. He wields talent, experience and capital, and we shall expect to see a paper with a *snap* to it, like the Richmond *Examiner*. We believe he will issue Daily from the start.—*Tribune*.

Out of Patience.—A Correspondent at Geneva, Wisconsin (says the *Tribune*), who witholds his real name, writes us a long letter beginning as follows:

"I lose all patience when I take up your paper and find the name and speeches of Miss Lucy Stone, or some other Miss or Mrs., presented through nearly a whole page. What have your patrons done that they should be made to suffer such an infliction almost weekly? How long is their confidence to be imposed upon, or their sense of propriety outraged in this way? Is it not enough to know that there are females who disgrace their sex by trying to assume the position and prerogative of manhood, without having the disgusting details of their speeches and proceedings continually forced before us?"

We are sorry for this poor fellow, and kindly advise him to withdraw his "confidence" and his subscription from the *Tribune* and take some other journal that is better suited to his capacities and tastes. There are plenty of that sort, but as for the *Tribune* it will continue to give the news of the day, whether our Wisconsin friend continues to lose his patience or not.

The driver of an Eighth street omnibus, the other day, took up a respectable and well-dressed coloured man, with his wife and daughter, whereat five white loafers indignantly got out without paying any fare. A *gentleman*, however, made up their loss by handing the change to the driver, as a reward for his proper spirit. Now, is there any reason why respectable negroes should be excluded from public conveyances, instead of the dirty, spitting, disgusting beer-drinkers, who are the daily pest and dread of ladies?—*Tribune*.

A Grizzly Bear Practicing Water-Cure.—A correspondent of the *Tribune*, writing from San Francisco, relates the following: "An enormous grizzly bear, weighing some 1,600 pounds, was recently exhibited here. It was my good fortune to visit him at a very interesting moment. Some paltry specimen of humanity was teasting the bear, who, enraged, struck at his annoyer, the entire force of the blow falling upon the iron rods of the cage. The animal fairly howled and groaned with pain. Well, how do you suppose he set to work to relieve his sufferings? Not, I promise you, as his keeper would have done, had he dared to undertake it, nor any stupid Allopath, by some worthless pain-killer or all-fired—I mean all-healing—ointment. No, Sir; but by putting his paw into his water trough and holding it there a few minutes at a time, and during the intervals licking it. Thus the animal, guided by instinct, subdued the pain and suffering. *This was water-cure.* As this specimen of enormous California growth will soon be with you, your citizens will have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with a *weighty* and distinguished professor of Hydropathy."

Later news from Mexico states that over forty newspapers have been suppressed; the army re-organized and fixed at 91,000 men, the permanent force being 26,000. We are also furnished by 2,000 miles telegraph with the astonishing intelligence that Santa Ana has suppressed cigar smoking in theatres.

Copper for the World's Fair.—The Steamer Lady Elgin, on her last trip to this port (4th inst.), brought down a mass of native copper from the Minesota mine, on the Ontanagon River, the weight of which is 5,070 pounds. It is en route for the World's Fair, and it is as fine a specimen as one would wish to see.—*Buffalo Express, June 7.*

Chief Justice Shaw, so long of the bench of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, is about to visit England, intending to be absent three or four months. He is over 70 years of age.

Arthur Spring, the notorious murderer, was killed according to law in Philadelphia on Friday of last week. He died as he had lived, a hardened villain, protesting his innocence in face of the most irrefragible proofs of his guilt. There is a question which some people ought seriously to consider, viz: "Is it right to kill a man, whose soul, if there be any truth in our creed, must necessarily go to an endless hell?"

A Kidnapper Check-Mated.—A few days ago information was brought to one of our friends in this city that one Thomas J. Adams, a returning Californian, had in his possession at the Henderson House, a coloured boy whom he had brought from Jamaica and was taking to Tennessee. Means were immediately taken to have the case investigated, but before the needful process could be procured, Adams had decamped with the boy. A telegraphic dispatch was sent to Pittsburg and we are gratified to learn that on the arrival of the gentleman kidnapper, our friends were prepared for him. He was called to account and the unsuspicious little boy was taken from him and placed in the care of Dr. Delany. The little fellow was probably enticed from his home by fair promises. The case caused a great excitement at Pittsburg.—*Pa. Freeman.*

Riots in Quebec and Montreal.—Father Gavazzi, the renowned Italian convert from Popery, whose lectures in New York and elsewhere have excited no little attention, was recently mobbed in Quebec and Montreal. The *Tribune* of Saturday last gives the facts briefly as follows:

"At Montreal he applied for the Town Hall; it was granted; but when the authorities learned the nature of his lectures, and understood (as it is said) that some of the citizens were resolved to destroy that edifice in case he were allowed its use, they retracted the grant. Thereupon he went to Quebec, and there, on his second night's performance, a riot took place. Some of the Catholics attacked the church in which he was speaking, and laid hands on his person. But he defended himself gallantly, and escaped without serious harm. Next, having procured a Church to speak in at Montreal, he went there to give a first lecture on Thursday last. This produced a dreadful riot, the assailants—Catholic Irishmen mostly—defeating the guard of policemen at the door, penetrating into the Church, and being driven from it only by fire-arms, and after the loss of three of their party, who were shot down. Though with this, as our dispatches say, the riot was really at an end, a body of soldiery intervened on the Mayor's requisition, and fired two volleys among the now peaceful and dispersing crowd. This killed and wounded several persons, and the act is denounced in Montreal as unnecessary and wicked."

The Water Cure Journal.—A new Volume.—Now is the time to subscribe.—Published monthly, in a beautiful quarto. Illustrated with engravings, exhibiting the Structure, Anatomy, and Physiology of the Human Body, with familiar instructions to learners. It is emphatically a Journal of Health, designed to be a complete Family Guide in all diseases.

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The Illustrated American Phrenological Journal.—Devoted to Phrenology, Physiology, Mechanism, Education, Agriculture, the Natural Sciences, and General Intelligence, profusely illustrated with Engravings. Every family, and especially all young men and women, should have a copy. Published monthly at One Dollar a year. All letters should be post-paid, and directed to

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Young men about launching forth upon the activities of life, and anxious to start right, and understand their course, will find this Journal a friend and monitor, to encourage them in virtue, shield them from vice, and to prepare them for usefulness and success in life. The various occupations will be discussed in the light of Phrenology and Physiology, so that every one may know in what pursuit he would be most likely to succeed.—Publishers.

The Liberty Bell for 1853.

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Key to Unce Tom's Cabin.

MRS. STOWE'S new work, The Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin, for sale at this office.

In paper covers.....50 cents. | Bound.............75cents

Miscellaneous Department.

FRENCH TAPESTRY.

AMONG the articles the French government will send to the New York Exhibition are specimens of the Gobelin tapestries, which are made exclusively by the factories of the French government.

As these rare specimens of art will no doubt form one of the most prominent features of the exhibition, our readers, very many of whom will see them, may be interested in a brief notice of the manufactories from which they emanate.

Since the days of Jan Gobelin in 1450, the manufacture of tapestry and carpets has made a regular progression towards the perfection which it has now attained. The establishment had not drawn much attention from the government till the time of Louis XIV., when it became so interesting a branch of French manufactures, that that monarch bought it for the State; and it has ever since remained government property, has been supported by the government by means of a large subsidy granted each year in the budget, and the works accomplished there are entirely at the service of the chief of the State, whoever he may be for the time being.

The institution has gone through as many mutations, as many seasons of prosperity and adversity, as the government itself. Under the republic the works at times ceased, and its very existence was threatened; but the same species of national pride which sustains West Point, sustains also this institution. Many of the workmen are superior artists in painting, and the superintendent is generally one of the first painters of the day. At present 120 workmen are employed on tapestry and carpets, who earn from three to five hundred dollars a year each, and when disabled by age or infirmity receive pensions of from 125 to 200 dollars a year. No one is allowed to leave after serving an apprenticeship, and a regular number of apprentices are admitted each year.

But the interest of the establishment lies in the method in which the articles are manufactured. The web or warp is placed upright, instead of horizontal, as in most cases, and the workman sits behind it; that is, he works on the wrong side. The picture which he is copying is placed behind and a little to one side of him, at which he looks from time to time, in order that his picture in tapestry may be an exact representation of the model. The workman sits at the back or wrong side of his picture, because the face must present a perfectly smooth surface, and all the cuttings and fastenings are therefore made on the wrong side. The warp is white, and of the finest wool. It is double, that is, has two upright tiers of thread, with an interval of half an inch. Then, with several baskets at his side, containing many hundred shades of coloured silk and woollen thread on little spools, the workman puts through one, two or three threads at a time, and cuts them off; and as the colour of the face or the object which he is forming changes, he takes another shaded thread, and so on, thread by thread, month by month, and year by year, till his tedious and laborious task is finished. From five to thirty years are occupied on the larger works, on pictures from eight to twenty feet in extent, and the value of some of the pieces is sometimes as high as one hundred thousand dollars. They are admired by many much more than the original picture, no matter what may be its value; and inferior pictures are never copied from. The tissue and the colours last for centuries. I think it can be said with safety that it is the most marvellous, the most astonishing art in its degree of perfection now known to the world; and I am sure that the mass of the American people who shall have seen the very fine specimens, which it is hoped will arrive without damage at the New York fair, will verify this opinion

In the carpet department, the process is entirely analagous, with one exception. The warp is upright, the carpet is always in one piece, the warp is double, the workman pursues his labour in the same tedious way, putting in a thread at a time, but in this instance he sits on the right side, for the reason that he has a velvety surface, to make, and he must therefore cut off his woolen threads on that side. He puts his spool through and gives it a double turn around one of the upright threads of the warp, then cuts it off, perhaps an inch from the surface of the carpet, regards his model, which is over his head, takes up another spool of thread, so as to change the colour, puts it through in the same way, and cuts it off as before. After he has proceeded thus a foot in width, perhaps, and an inch upwards, he takes a pair of large shears and trims the velvety surface down to the length, or depth rather, which he desires. All the carpets which are now in the looms of the Gobelins manufactory are intended for the rooms of the Empress in the Tuileries, and they all have a nap of half an inch in depth. They are beautiful in the extreme, and far superior to anything which can be manufactured in Persia, so long distinguished for the softness, silkness and rich colouring of its carpets. All the fine carpets of France are thus woven in one piece for the rooms for which they are intended. They will last a century and preserve their colours. Many of the carpets which have been made at the Gobelins have required many years to finish, and cost from 60 to 150,000 francs. None are sold; they are all made use of in the royal palaces, or as presents; the same as pictures in tapestry. The largest carpet ever made here was the one for the long room, or, as it is called, the Gallery of the Louvre, which is 1,300 feet in length. As a shuttle is out of the question, and as each thread of the "filling" has to be put through separately by the hand, at the same time that the workman must keep his eye on the model and exercise his careful judgment as to the exact shade out of many thousand which is required, and as he must, from time to time, as in the tapestry, stop and walk off from his picture, and regard it at a distance, and consult his fellow-workmen, the reader may form some idea of the labour, the genius, and the time, which is required on these great works. On an extent of fifteen feet, two workmen can be employed. On a large carpet, say thirty by fifty feet, one workman makes the large figure in the centre, while two others, one on each side of him, make the border up to the centre flower. And there those patient men sit, day after day, month after month, and year after year, apparently without ever moving their own position or that of the carpet; for in several visits which I have made recently, I find the same men in the same place, engaged on the same flower or other object on the carpet, where I last saw them. It would be too slow an occupation for our fast countrymen.

Everything needed for the manufactory—the dyeing, spinning, etc.—is done on the premises. In the dyeing department there is a greater amount of talent and experience required than in the working of the tableaux. Many secrets are possessed here, which are unknown to the rest of the world. For several centuries a curious belief has been held by the people of Paris, and is still held, that condemned criminals and others have been kept at this establishment and fed on a certain kind of diet, for instance they have been compelled so to drink large quantities of wine, to eat much beef, and all such food as would establish a high degree of heat in the blood and throughout the system generally, in order that the secretion from the kidneys, which is used in large quantities, might impart peculiar and rare dyeing qualities: that is, they converted the human body into a chemical laboratory for the elimination of a peculiar secretion by the kidneys, which possessed remarkable powers in the dyeing process, and which could be obtained in no other way. The tortures of the persons submitted to this interesting process are said to have been inexpressible, and their life short; they were literally consumed by a slow internal fire, and died in the midst of the most fearful sufferings imaginable. This is not true to the extent represented—in fact, the matter is grossly exaggerated—but it is true that chemico-vital experiments of this kind have been and continue to be made, and that good results have been derived from them.

As an evidence of the extent to which this belief has extended, we may mention that the establishment has received and preserved various communications on this subject from individuals, which are curious enough. The following is a translation of one received during the last century: "I am weary of life, and I am disposed, in order to terminate it, to submit myself to the regime imposed by the dyers at the Gobelins. To give you an idea of the services which I am in a condition to render to the establishment, I ought to tell you that I can drink in a day twenty bottles of wine, without losing my reason. If you will take me on trial, you can judge of my capacity at your leisure." It is easy to see where that fellow's ideas were running to

The Emperor has also included in his contribution more than a hundred specimens of the celebrated Sevres porcelain—a manufacture which, for perfection, beauty and value as ornaments, is regarded by many as possessing as much interest as the Gobelin manufactory. It is an establishment which has belonged to government for seventy-five years, is supported by government at a great expense to the people, and the principal works, like those of the Gobelins, go into the palaces of France, or are given away to foreign monarchs as propitiatory presents. Some of the larges vases and pictures in the Emperor's contribution are worth ten thousand dollars. They are worth travelling many a mile to see.—*Post.*

TO ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING ON HER LATER SONNETS.

I know not if the cycle of strange years
Will ever bring thy human face to me,
Sister!—I say this, not as of thy peers,
But like as those who their own grief can see
In the large mirror of another's tears.

Comforter! many a time thy soul's white feet
Stole on the silent darkness where I lay
With voice of distant singing—solemn sweet
"Be of good cheer, I too have trod that way;"
And I rose up and walked in strength complete.

Oft, as amidst the furnace of fierce woe
My own will lit I writhing stood, yet calm,
I saw thee moving near me, meek and slow,
Speaking not—but still chanting the same psalm,
"God's love suffices when all world loves go."

Year after year have I, in passion strong;
Clung to thy garments when my soul was faint,
Touching thee, all unseen amid the throng;
But now, thou risest to joy's heaven—my saint!
And I look up—and cannot hear thy song,—

Or hearing, understand not; save as those
Who from without list to the bridegroom strains
They might have sung—but that the dull gates close,
And so they smile a blessing through their pains,
Then, turning, lie and sleep among the snows.

So, go thou in, saint—sister—comforter!
Of this, thy house of joy, heaven keep the doors!
And sometimes through the music and the stir
Set thy lamp shining from the upper floors,
That we without may say—"Bless God and her!",

—*London Athenæum.*

MOORE AND BYRON.

[THE literary world (says the *Home Journal*) has always regretted that the autobiography of Lord Byron, committed to the keeping of Thomas Moore, should have been destroyed. In the following extract from the *Athenæum's* review of the third volume of "Moore's Letters and Correspondence," all that is known or ever will be known, respecting the lost treasure, is clearly set forth:]

On the 11 of October, 1819, Moore—then in Vienna with Lord Byron—makes this record—Byron "has given me his 'Memoirs,' to make what use I please of them;" and on the 28th of May, 1820, is the following important entry:

"28th.—Received a letter at last from Lord Byron, through Murray, telling me he had informed Lady B. of his having given me his Memoirs for the purpose of their being published after his death, and offering her the perusal of them in case she might wish to confute any of his statements. Her note in answer to this offer (the original of which he inclosed me) is as follows:

'Kirby Mallory, March 10, 1820.—I received your letter of January 1, offering to my perusal a memoir of part of your life. I decline to inspect it. I consider the publication or circulation of such a composition at any time as prejudicial to Ada's future happiness. For my own sake I have no reason to shrink from publication; but, notwithstanding the injuries which I have suffered, I should lament some of the *consequences*.

'To Lord Byron.' 'A. BYRON.'

His reply to this which he has also inclosed, and requested me (after reading it, and taking a copy) to forward to Lady B. is as follows:

'Ravenna, April 3, 1820.—I received yesterday your answer, dated March 10. My offer was an honest one, and surely could only be construed as such even by the most malignant casuistry. I could answer you, but it is too late, and it is not worth while. To the mysterious menace of the last sentence, whatever its import may be—and I cannot pretend to unriddle it—I could hardly be very sensible, even if I understood it, as before it took place, I shall be where "nothing can touch him further." . . . . I advise you, however, to anticipate the period of your intention; for be assured no power of figures can avail beyond the present; and if it could, I would answer with the Florentine—

Et io, che posto son con loro in croce
. . . . *e certo*
La fiera moglie, piu ch' altro, mi nuoce.

'To Lady Byron.' 'BYRON.'"

Nothing daunted by his wife's remonstrance, the poet continues his "Memoirs," and sends the continuation to Moore.

"Dec. 22, 1820.—Found, when I returned home, the packets from Lord Byron containing the continuation of his 'Memoirs;' the postage altogether forty-six francs and a half. He advises me, in the letter which accompanies them, to try and dispose of the reversion of the MS. now. This is worth consideration."

Harrassed by his Bermuda liabilities, and by the necessities of an author by profession living close up to his means, Moore acts on the suggestion of Byron, and offers the MS. to the Messrs. Longman, for a sum the amount of which we believe has never transpired out of the Row. The Row refused (on the subject of the offer to Messrs Longman the printed Diary is unaccountably silent) and the next we hear of the autobiography announces the loan of it to Lady Holland:

"July 6, 1821.—By the by, I yesterday gave Lady Holland Lord Byron's 'Memoirs' to read; and on my telling her that I rather feared he had mentioned her name in an unfair manner somewhere, she said, 'Such things give me no uneasiness: I know perfectly well my station in the world; and I know all that can be said of me. As long as the few friends that I *really* am sure of, speak kindly of me (and I would not believe the contrary if I saw it in black and white), all that the rest of the world can say is a matter of complete indifference to me.' There are some fine points about Lady Holland; she is a warm and active friend, and I should think her capable of *highmindedness* upon occasions."

Moore now offers the work to Murray—and Murray's price for it and the proceedings thereupon are thus related by the Diarist:

"July 27, 1821.—Received also a letter from Murray, consenting to give me two thousand guineas for Lord Byron's 'Memoirs,' on condition that, in case of survivorship, I should consent to be the editor."

"Sep. 27, 1821.—Murray agreed to all my arrangements about the payment of the sum for the 'Memoirs;' took away the MS."

"Nov. 4, 1821.—Lord Holland expressed some scruples about my sale of Lord B.'s 'Memoirs'; said he wished I could have got the two thousand guineas in any other way; seemed to think it was in cold blood depositing of sort of quiver of poisoned arrows (this more the purport than the words of what he said) for a future warfare upon private character; could not, however, remember, when I pressed him, anything that came under this strong description, except the reported conversation with Madame de Staël, and the charge against Sir Samuel Romilly, which, if false, may be neutralized by furnishing me with the means of putting the refutation on record with the charge. Thrown into considerable anxiety and doubt by what Lord H. said this morning. Determined, it on consideration it appears to me that I could be fairly charged with anything wrong or unworthy in thus disposing of the 'Memoirs,' to throw myself on the mercy of Murray, and to prevail on him to rescind the deed, having it in my power, between the £500 I have left in his hands, Lord L.'s £740, and Lord John's £200, to pay him back near three-fourths of his £2,000. Lay awake thinking of it. Decided upon leaving the whole transaction as it is at present. Wrote a long letter to Lord Holland, expressing all I had felt and thought since I saw him; the decision I had come to, and the reasons which induced me to it; found myself easier after this."

"Nov. 14–22, 1821.—Received a letter full of kindness from Lord Lansdowne, in which, however, he seems to agree with Lord Holland as to the sale of the 'Memoirs,' at least so far as to think that it *may* be a subject worthy my future consideration, whether I should not redeem them out of the hands of Murray, and saying that the £749 is at my disposal towards that purpose, if ever I should decide upon it. This is enough; I am now determined to redeem them"

"April 22, 1822.—Ought to have mentioned that, soon after my arrival, I spoke to Murray upon the subject of Lord B.'s 'Memoirs;' of my wish to redeem them, and cancel the deed of sale; which Murray acceded to with the best grace imaginable. Accordingly, there is now an agreement making out, by which I be come his debtor for two thousand guineas, leaving the MS. in his hand as security, till I am able to pay it. This is, I feel, an over-delicate deference to the opinions of others; but it is better than allowing a shadow of suspicion to approach within a mile of one in any transaction; and I know I shall feel the happier when rid of the bargain.

"May 4, 1822.—Breakfasted with Lord Lansdowne: told him of my last arrangement with Murray. He said that *his* chief objection to the disposal of the 'Memoirs' was removed by Lord Byron's having given me full powers (as to correction and alteration) over the whole of the MS. signed by bond, etc., etc., to Murray."

Mr. Murray having paid his two thousand guineas, is, of course, anxious to be secure: he therefore writes to Moore, after nearly two years' interval between the payment and the date of his writing:

"April 1, 1824.—Murray has written me a note, begging that I would apply to Douglas Kinnaird for the assignment of Lord Byron's 'Memoirs,' which he continues, he says, to withhold from him, leaving him no security for his property in them. In consequence of this, called upon Kinnaird; read over the assignment with him and Hobhouse; and they being of opinion that there was no objection to letting Murray have this instrument in his possession, till such time as I should be able (according to my intention) to redeem the 'Memoirs' altogether, I brought it away with me. Called upon Murray but did not find him at home. * * 2d.—Breakfasted with Newton. Went from thence to Murray, and gave him the assignment."

The great Albemarle street bibliopole, now apparently satisfied with his assignment, and intent on other works "by eminent hands," is looking on Lord Byron as a great poet running an eccentric career with other publishers: when news arrives that the Memoir-writer is dead. He died on the 19th of the very same month in which Moore had handed over his assignment to Murray. Moore first hears of the poet's death at Colburn's library.

"May 14, 1824.—Calling at Colburn's library to inquire the address of the editor of the *Literary Gazette*, was told by the shopman that Lord Byron was dead. Could not believe it, but feared the worst, as his last letter to me, about a fortnight since, mentioned the severe attack of apoplexy or epilepsy which he had just suffered. Hurried to inquire. Met Lord Lansdowne, who said he feared it was but too true. Recollected then the unfinished state in which my agreement for the redemption of the 'Memoirs' lay. Lord L. said, you have nothing but Murray's fairness to depend upon.' Went off to the *Morning Chronicle* office, and saw the *Courier*, which confirmed this most disastrous news. Hastened to Murray's, who was denied to me; but left a note for him to say that, 'in consequence of this melancholy event, I had called on him to know when it would be convenient to him to complete the arrangements with respect to the 'Memoirs,' which we had agreed upon between us when I was last in town.' * * Called upon Rogers who had not heard the news. Remember his having, in the same manner, found me unacquainted with Lord Nelson's death, late on the day when the intelligence arrived. Advised me not to stir at all on the subject of the 'Memoirs,' but to wait and see what Murray would do; and in the meantime to ask Brougham's opinion. Dined alone at the George, and in the evening left a note for Brougham. Found a note on my return home from Douglas Kinnaird, anxiously inquiring in whose possession the 'Memoirs' were, and saying that he was ready, on the part of Lord Byron's family, to advance the £2,000 for the MS., in order to give Lady Byron and the rest of the family an opportunity of deciding whether they wished them to be published or no."

The early death of the great poet is still the subject of the Diary—mixed up of course with fears on the part of Moore about the assignment of the 'Memoirs.' Our extracts are long, but highly interesting:

"May 15, 1824 —A gloomy wet day. Went to D. Kinnaird's. Told him how matters stood between me and Murray, and of my claims on the MS. He repeated his proposal that Lady Byron should advance the two thousand guineas for its redemption; but this I would not hear of; it was I alone who ought to pay the money upon it, and the money was ready for the purpose. I would then submit it (not to Lady Byron) but to a chosen number of persons, and if they upon examination, pronounced it altogether unfit for publication, I would burn it. He again urged the propriety of my being indemnified in the sum, but without in the least degree convincing me. Went in search of Brougham; found him with Lord Lansdowne; told them both all the particulars of my transaction with Murray. B. saw that in fairness I had a claim on the property of the MS., but doubted whether the delivery of the assignment (signed by Lord Byron) after the passing of the bond, might not, in a legal point of view, endanger it. Advised me at all events, to apply for an injunction, if Murray showed any symptoms of appropriating the MS. to himself. No answer yet from Murray. Called upon Hobhouse, from whom I learned that Murray had already been to Mr. Wilmot Horton, offering to place the 'Memoirs' at the disposal of Lord Byron's family (without mentioning either to him or to Hobhouse any claim of mine on the work), and that Wilmot Horton was about to negotiate with him for the redemption of the MS. I then reminded Hobhouse of all that had passed between Murray and me on the subject before I left town (which I had already mentioned to Hobhouse), and said that whatever was done with the MS. must be done by *me*, as I alone had the right over it, and if Murray attempted to dispose of it without my consent, I would apply for an injunction. At the same time I assured Hobhouse that I was most ready to place the work at the disposal *not* of Lady Byron (for this we both agreed would be treachery to Lord Byron's intentions and wishes), but at the disposal of Mrs. Leigh, his sister, to be done with by her exactly as she thought proper. After this, we went together to Kinnaird's, and discussed the matter over again, the opinion both of Hobhouse and Kinniard being that Mrs. Leigh would and ought to burn the MS. altogether, without any previous perusal or deliberation. I endeavoured to convince them that this would be throwing a stigma upon the work, which it did not deserve; and stated, that though the second part of the 'Memoirs' was full of very coarse things, yet that (with the exception of about three or four lines) the first part contained nothing which, on the score of decency, might not be most safely published; I added, however, that as my whole wish was to consult the feelings of Lord Byron's dearest friend, his sister, the manuscript, when in my power, should be placed in her hands, to be disposed of as she should think proper. They asked me then whether I would consent to meet Murray at Mrs. Leigh's rooms, on Monday, and there, paying him the two thousand guineas, take the MS. from him, and hand it over to Mrs. Leigh to be burnt. I said that, as to the burning, that was her affair, but all the rest I would willingly do. Kinnaird wrote down this proposal on a piece of paper, and Hobhouse set off instantly to Murray with it. In the course of to-day, I recollected a circumstance (and mentioned it both to H. and K.) which, independent of any reliance on Murray's fairness, set my mind at rest as to the validity of my claim on the MS. At the time (April, 1822) when I converted the *sale* of the 'Memoirs' into a *debt*, and gave Murray my bond for the two thousand guineas, leaving the MS. in his hands as a colateral security, I, by Luttrel's advice, *directed a clause to be inserted in the agreement, giving me, in the event of Lord Byron's death*, a period of three months after such *event* for the purpose of raising the money and redeeming *my pledge*. This clause I dictated as clearly as possible both to Murray and his solicitor, Mr. Turner, and saw the solicitor interline it in a rough draft of the agreement. Accordingly, on recollecting it now, and finding that Luttrel had a perfect recollection of the circumstances also (i. e. of having suggested the clause to me), I felt of course confident in my claim. Went to the Longmans, who promised to bring the two thousand guineas for me on Monday morning.

* * 26th.—Called on Hobhouse. Murray, he said, seemed a little startled at first on hearing of my claim, and, when the clause was mentioned, said, 'Is there such a clause?' but immediately, however, professed his readiness to comply with the arrangement proposed, only altering the sum which Kinnaird had written, 'two thousand *pounds*' into 'two thousand *guineas*,' and adding, 'with interest, expense of stamps,' etc., etc. Kinnaird joined us, being about to start, to-day, for Scotland. After this I called upon Luttrel, and told him all that had passed, adding that it was my intention, in giving the MS. to Mrs. Leigh, to protest against its being wholly destroyed. Luttrel strongly urged my doing so, and proposed that we *should call upon Wilmot Horton* (who was to be the representative of Mrs. Leigh at to-morrow's meeting), and talk to him on the subject. The utmost, he thought, that could be required of me, was to submit the MS. to the examination of the friends of the family, and destroy all that should be found objectionable, but retain what was *not* so, for my own benefit, *and that of the public*. Went off to Wilmot Horton's, whom we luckily found. Told him the whole history of the MS. since I put it into Murray's hands, and mentioned the ideas that had occurred to myself and Luttrel with respect to its destruction; *the injustice we thought it would be to Byron's memory* to condemn the work wholly, and without even opening it, as if it were a pest bag; that every object might be gained by our perusing it, and examining it together (he on the part of Mrs. Leigh, Frank Doyle on the part of Lady Byron, and any one else whom the family might think proper to select), and, rejecting all that could wound the feelings of a single individual, but preserving what was innoxious and creditable to Lord Byron, of which I assured him there was a considerable proportion. Was glad to find that Mr. Wilmot Horton completely agreed with these views; it was even, he said what he meant to propose himself. He undertook, also, to see Mrs. Leigh on the subject, proposing that we should meet at Murray's (instead of Mrs. Leigh's), to-morrow, at eleven o'clock, and that then, after the payment of the money by me to Mr. Murray, the MS. should be placed in some banker's hands till it was decidod among us what should be done with it."

It is here that Lord John Russell steps in, and makes almost his sole formal editorial bow to the readers of the 'Diary':

"I have omitted in this place a long account of the destruction of Lord Byron's MS. Memoir of his life. The reason for my doing so may be easily stated. Mr. Moore had consented with too much ease and want of reflection, to become the depository of Lord Byron's 'Memoir,' and had obtained from Mr. Murray two thousand guineas on the credit of this work. He speaks of this act of his, a few pages onward, as 'the greatest error I had committed, in putting such a document out of my power.' He afterwards endeavoured to repair this error by repaying the money to Mr. Murray, and securing the MS. to be dealt with as should be thought most advisable by himself, in concert with the representatives of Lord Byron. He believed this purpose was secured by a clause which Mr. Luttrel had advised should be inserted in the new agreement with Mr. Murray, by which Mr. Moore was to have the power of redeeming the MS. for three months after Lord Byron's death. But neither Mr. Murray nor Mr. Turner, his solicitor, seemed to have understood Mr. Moore's wish and intention to this respect. Mr. Murray, on his side, had confided the MS. to Mr. Gifford, who, on perusal, declared it too gross for publication. This opinion had become known to Lord Byron's friends and relations. Hence, when the news of Lord Byron's unexpected death arrived, all parties, with the most honourable wishes and consistent views, were thrown into perplexity and apparent discord. Mr. Moore wished to redeem the MS., and submit it to Mrs. Leigh, Lord Byron's sister, to be destroyed, or published with erasures and omissions. Sir John Hobhouse wished it to be immediately destroyed, and the representatives of Mrs. Leigh expressed the same wish. Mr. Murray was willing at once to give up the MS., on repayment of his two thousand guineas with interest. The result was, that after a very unpleasant scene at Mr. Murray's, the MS. was destroyed by Mr. Wilmot Horton and Colonel Doyle, as the representatives of Mrs. Leigh, with the full consent of Mr. Moore, who repaid to Mr. Murray the sum he had advanced, with the interest then due. After the whole had been burnt, the agreement was found, and it appeared that Mr. Moore's interest in the MS. had entirely ceased on the death of Lord Byron, by which event the property became absolutely vested in Mr. Murray. The details of this scene have been recorded both by Mr. Moore and Lord Broughton, and perhaps by others. Lord Broughton having kindly permitted me to read his narrative, I can say that the leading facts related by him and Mr. Moore agree. Both narratives retain marks of the irritation which the circumstances of the moment produced; but as they both (Mr. Moore and Sir John Hobhouse) desired to do what was most honourable to Lord Byron's memory, and as they lived in terms of friendship afterwards, I have omitted details which recall a painful scene, and would excite painful feelings. As to the MS. itself, having read the greater part of it, if not the whole, I should say that three or four pages of it were too gross and indelicate for publication; that the rest, with few exceptions, contained little traces of Lord Byron's genius, and no interesting details of his life. His early youth in Greece, and his sensibility to the scenes around him, when resting on a rock in the swimming excursions he took from the Piræus, were strikingly described. But, on the whole, the world is no loser by the sacrifice made of the 'Memoirs' of this great poet."

MACAULAY, THE HISTORIAN.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY is the son of Zackary Macaulay, formerly a West India merchant, and known in public life as the personal friend and coadjutor of the celebrated Wilberforce. For mercantile pursuits, the son does not appear to have had any inclination; but in regard to popular and political objects, he has inherited all the zeal, and perhaps more than the judgment of his father. His education, we believe, was begun at home; efficiently advanced under the Rev. Mr. Preston, at Shelford, in Cambridgeshire; and subsequently completed at Trinity College, Cambridge. He was entered at the latter in 1818, and some years later, took his bachelor's degree, in the ordinary course. In 1819, he obtained the chancellor's medal awarded to compositions in English verse. Judging from what he has said in one of his reviews of prize-poems generally, it would not seem that he afterwards thought much of this distinction. Speaking in allusion to Sir Roger Newdigate's restriction of such a poem to fifty lines, he pleasantly commends the regulation: "The world, we believe, is pretty well agreed," says he, "in thinking that the shorter a prize poem is, the better." Mr. Macaulay, however, won considerably higher honours, and indeed gained the very highest, in classical departments, which the university could confer. After leaving college, he applied himself to the study of law, and was called to the bar in 1826. Whether he ever intended to practice is not known to us; but it seems likely that his principal object was to gain a more ready introduction into literary and public life. Be this as it may, it is certain that he began very early to apply himself to literature. He was one of the first and ablest among the contributors to *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*; and in due season gained access to the *Edinburgh Review*. The article on Milton—the first in the collection of his essays—appeared in that journal in 1827. It has sometimes been spoken of as a finely-finished and even splendid composition; but Macaulay himself has referred to it as being "overloaded with gaudy and ungraceful ornament." "Written," says he, "when the author was fresh from college, it contains scarcely a paragraph such as his matured judgment approves." It was, nevertheless, a performance of great vigour and promise, and instantly raised the writer to a distinguished elevation among his literary contemporaries. His subsequent contributions to the *Edinburgh* were less ornate and florid, and became gradually more and more remarkable for a perfect and exquisite simplicity. By his connection with this journal, he gained the intimacy and friendship of Mr. Jeffrey (since Lord Jeffrey), the editor; an agreeable relationship, which subsisted as long as the latter lived.

In 1831, Mr. Macaulay entered Parliament as member for Calne, a borough in the interest of Lord Lansdowne. He made his first speech in favour of the Reform Bill, and shortly came to be considered a prominent member of the Whig party. With this party he has been all along associated, and in his political disquisitions appears chiefly as its champion and philosophical representative. His eloquence and manifest capacity for the discussion of affairs gave him great popularity in the House, and won for him the respect and favour of the leaders in the ministry. He was not a frequent speaker; but when he did speak, it was generally on some important question, with all the bearings and particulars of which he had made himself intimately acquainted. Those who were in a position to appreciate his powers, spoke of him in the highest terms of eulogy. Jeffrey, writing to Lord Cockburn in 1833, observes: "Mac is a marvellous person. He made the very best speech that has been made this session on India, a few nights ago, to a house of less than fifty. The speaker, who is a severe judge, says he rather thinks it the best speech he ever heard." The men of the Whig administration must have entertained a somewhat similar opinion; at any rate, they kept their eyes upon him, and embraced an early opportunity for enlisting him in their service. In 1834, after being elected for Leeds, he was appointed to the office of Secretary to the India Board. The aptness for business and general ability he manifested in this position, caused him shortly afterwards to be made a member of the East India Company's Supreme Council at Calcutta—an appointment for which he vacated his seat in Parliament, and proceeded forthwith to India. He was absent four years, returning to England in 1838. During his stay in India, he largely extended his knowledge of its policy and affairs; so that when writing subsequently on the careers of Clive and Warren Hastings, he showed himself accurately informed of all their personal proceedings, and thoroughly conversant with the whole range of circumstances connected with the rise and consolidation of our Indian Empire. The year after his return, Macaulay was elected for Edinburgh, and in the following year accepted office as Secretary at War. When the Whig ascendancy was broken up in 1841, he steadily and consistently supported his party in opposition. Some of his votes, however, gave offence to his constituents —a memorable one on the Maynooth grant especially—and at the general election of 1847, he lost his seat for the Scottish capital. He would have had little difficulty in getting returned for some one of the English boroughs, but he declined all solicitations, and refused to sit for any other place than the one which had rejected him. Time wears down many prejudices; and the honour that was then denied him was last year restored, and that in a manner highly flattering to himself. It will be remembered that, without canvassing, without even coming forward as a candidate, he was triumphantly returned for Edinburgh at the head of the poll. His four years' exclusion from public life are understood to have been industriously devoted to literary pursuits—mainly, we believe, to the preparation of his elaborate "History of England, from the Accession of James II.;" two volumes of which were published at the close of 1848, and have now reached their sixth edition; and two other volumes are expected to be forthcoming in the course of the present year.

Both as a statesman and a writer, though in general a supporter of Whig principles, Mr. Macaulay has sometimes been the advocate of a more liberal national policy than that aspired after by his party; and, upon the whole, it may be said, that he has used the influence of his position in behalf of free opinion, commercial liberty, a more general extension of education among the people, and a better adjustment of those relations of ranks and classes which are commonly believed, by advanced thinkers, to require emendation as a consequence and a condition of our material and social progress.—*Chambers' Repository.*

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

AMERICA CLOSED TO BLACKS.—Four negroes, who had been in service in Vienna, repaired lately to Bremen, intending to return to the United States by the American steamer Hermann. They paid for their passage and their berths to the agent, but were refused a passage by the captain on the ground of the American laws forbidding any negro to be conveyed by steamer from Europe to the United States. No representations were of any avail, and the four blacks were compelled to take their way to England, and get what redress they could from the agents.

—— IRISH WIT.—A party of gentlemen, visiting the Dublin Exhibition last week, took a drive on the banks of the Liffey, to enjoy its fine scenery. "I'm glad to see you on your knees," was the observation, intended to be somewhat facetious, of a burly, bull-faced individual, to a labourer so employed in a field. "Bedad," was the prompt reply, which elicited a roar of laughter at the other's expense, "that's where you should always be; for if you took as much pains with your sowl as you do with your body, you'd be a happy man."—*Correspondent of Liverpool Mercury.*

—— THE SLAVERY OF THE NEWSPAPER PRESS.—I know no state of Slavery on earth like that attendant upon newspaper life, whether it be as director or subordinate. Your task is never ended, your responsibility never secured, the last day's work is forgotten at the close of the day on which it appears, and the dragon of to-morrow waits open mouthed to devour your thoughts, and snap up one morsel more of your vexed existence. Be as successful as it is in the nature of things to be; be indifferent to praise, and lion-hearted against blame; still will the human frame wear out before its time, and your body, if not your mind, exhibit symptoms of dry rot.—*Our own Correspondent, by Mr. Honan.*

—— THE CASTING OF THE COLOSSAL FIGURE OF BAVARIA.—Stiglmayer, the originator and director of the Bronze Foundry, died in 1844, just before the casting of the Bavaria began. His nephew, Ferdinand Miller, full of youth, energy, patience, and experience, was ready to succeed him. The castings took place at five different times, commencing with the head. This was cast in 1844. In casting the bust of the figure—the largest portion—the greatest difficulty had to be encountered. It was necessary to melt for the purpose twenty tons of bronze, five tons more than had ever before been melted in the furnace. As this immense mass of metal slowly began to fuse, it began also to cake—thus threatening to destroy not only the casting, but the whole furnace, with untold danger to life and limb. Six men had, in spite of the oppressive heat and the ever-increasing glow of the furnace, to take it by turns night and day incessantly to stir, with long iron bars, the molten mass, lest it should adhere to the furnace walls, and so bring annihilation on all. On the evening of the fifth day of anxiety, when Ferdinand Miller for the first time sought a short repose in his chair, he was suddenly aroused by his faithful and anxious fellow-watcher, his wife, with the cry of "Ferdinand awake! the foundry is on fire!" It was so. The ever-increasing heat of those five days and four nights had caused fire to burst forth among the rafters. To have attempted to extinguish the fire by water, with this molten mass below, would have caused the immediate destruction of the place. All that could be done was, by means of wetted cloths, to keep down the fire. This was tried, and the melting went on as before. Amid such danger did the casting of the bust take place about midnight on the 11th of October, 1845. "Success!" was shouted forth; a load of anxiety of many kinds fell from every breast; and all then hastened to the complete extinguishing of the fire.—*An Art Student in Munich, by a Daughter of Mary Howitt.*

—— THE IRISH EXODUS.—Ever since Gibbon wrote his celebrated work on the Roman Empire, we have periodically had a book on "the last days" of somebody or something or another. Indeed, we have been deluged by that class of literature; but there is one book wanting to complete the set, and that is "The Last days of Ireland;", or, what would be better, perhaps, "The Last Days of the Irish Celt." For assuredly those last days are rapidly approaching, if they have not already arrived. Ireland is being threatened by that worst of all calamities—depopulation. Her exodus is absolutely startling. By comparison it dwarfs that of the Jews, for more people leave Ireland every year than the whole number that fled from Egypt to form a new empire and preserve their nationality intact, which are just circumstances that do not attend this modern wholesale flight. Every Irishman, woman, and child that leaves the shores of their unhappy land becomes absorbed into the population of the country to which he, she, or it is carried. Nothing of a local character is borne away that will survive the change but their religion, and even that in a very short time will be considerably modified by transatlantic influences. The Irish exodus, therefore, is nothing less than a complete dissolution of partnership between the people and the country of their birth; it is a tremendous social revolution, unprecedented and unjustified, except by the reasons advanced by those "penny wise and pound foolish" politicians, who franticly support emigration as a panacea for every social and political disorder.

Looked at in a matter-of fact English aspect, the danger to be apprehended for the safety of the permanent interests of the empire is exceedingly imminent According to the last census, in ten years the population had decreased 1,659,430, or at the rate of 20 per cent. As new circumstances and inducements to emigrate have arisen since then, the rate of decrease cannot now be less than 3 per cent. per annum, a process which would exhaust the population of Ireland in thirty-three years and a half. Taking the rate of decrease during the last decennial period at the end of half a century, or in 1901, there would not be a man, woman, or child in the green island.—(*London*) *Weekly Times.*

—— LADY NOVELISTS.—But now a question arises not to be flinched from: *What* women ought to write novels, that novels may be such as really ought to be written? A very common feeling suggests that, in our social state, wherein the supply of educated women, fit ornaments for rich men's houses, but unmeet helps for poor men's toils, so far exceeds the demand for wives (polygamy being forbidden by law, in spite of platonomic wisdom and the acknowledged blessings of *laissez faire*), literature is a fit refuge for their activities and aspirations—an honourable employment of their solitary leisure—a praiseworthy source of worldly independence. But yet, when we look at female writers, we cannot help being struck by the vast superiority of the married, as a class, over the single, even from the days of Madame de Sévigné and Mademoiselle de Scudéry, downwards; we cannot help observing that *the* woman's book of the age—"Uncle Tom's Cabin"—is that of a wife and a mother; and even if we contrast the two names more immediately before us, those of the authoresses of "Jane Eyre" and "Mary Barton," many of us at least can hardly repress the feeling that the works of the former, however more striking in point of intellect, have in them a something harsh, rough, unsatisfying, some say all but unwomanly, as compared with the full, and wholesome, and most womanly perfection of the other. Is there anything strange in this? Would not the reverse be strange, rather? If the novel addresses itself to the heart, what more natural than that it should then reach it most usefully and perfectly, when coming from the heart of a woman ripe with the dignity of her sex, full of all wifely and motherly experience? No doubt a young lady—and even an *old* young lady—can write with the fear of God before her eyes, and become a great and good novelist; but somehow, one cannot help suspecting that she would find it much easier to write in the fear of God if she had already to write in the fear of husband and children. In dealing with the subject of love, which, after all, must form the staple of all novel-writing, an unmarried woman must either draw upon imagination, or, at least, upon what one may call the prescience of the heart; or if, indeed, she draws upon her experience, *that* must be a bitter one, and one which she can hardly refer to without departing, in some measure, from the fair and becoming reserve of her sex. So that she is perpetually swaying between these three dangers; of being abstract, or morbid, or something like—we must mention the word—immodest. And although love, in its typical form, must be the great stumbling-block for girl-novelists, yet the same applies, more or less, to all affections connected with it, and especially the parental ones. And we think it will be found, on examining most of the best novels by the best unmarried female novelists, such as those of Miss Austin, Miss Bremer, Miss Martineau, Miss Edgeworth, that their excellence lies always away from the depths of the most passionate human affections, and consists either in a Dutch painter's accuracy in describing the surfaces and outer aspects of domestic life—in the development of some individual character, or of some family history—in the embodiment of some moral or economical principle; or, lastly, in the rendering of the harsher passions. Compare, for instance—to choose a foreign instance—Miss Bremer with Mrs. Carlen, and the terrible heart-struggle of the "Birthright" with the sweet "*intérieurs*," as the French would say, of the "Home" or the "Neighbours," and you will soon see the difference. The one has, indeed, entered into life's heart-battle: the other has looked at it from far, or paints it at secondhand.—*North British Review.*

—— THE ESCAPES OF MADAME KOSSUTH.—The sufferings and privations endured by the wife of Kossuth after the treachery of Gorgey had been perpetrated were even more severe than those of her husband. She had all along suspected Gorgey, and went to Villagos on the day of his surrender, to warn the officers to escape. She was so altered they did not know her. It was with difficulty she escaped herself, for the Austrian government offered a reward of 20,000 florins for her apprehension, and the Wallacks were devastating the country, now that the Hungarian army was no more. It was only by the true heartedness of the Hungarian peasantry that she escaped. She thus describes in the book just published by the Pulszkys in America her escape to Turkey: "We went on, till late in the evening, with tired horses: we reached a lonely inn, but we were not admitted there; terror and distrust were spread everywhere. The officer had to threaten the innkeeper with violence, if he refused to give shelter to a dying woman, who was fleeing from the Wallacks, before the door was opened. They carried me to the room, and put me on the bed. The innkeeper's family was rough and sullen, and stared stupidly at us; they did not like us as guests. A few hours had scarcely elapsed, when again the alarm was given that the Wallacks were approaching. The publican began to pack up his furniture, and drew the bed-cloth from under me, in order to hide it, and left me on the bare straw. My glance fell on the opposite wall, and the well-known portrait of my husband, with his mild countenance, looked down upon me. I remembered the time when this lithograph had been made, and contrasted it with my wretched condition. Scarcely were we fifteen miles on our way, when some soldiers came up to our carriage and stopped it. 'We have orders to escort you to the nearest magistrate,' said the sergeant; 'you have to give up your passports.' 'Why?' asked M———, 'Because you are denounced as travelling under assumed names." It was a very disagreeable moment, but no choice was left. We arrived in a small borough, and were escorted to the town house. The sergeant went into the court hall. We had to wait in the ante-room, but in a very few minutes were summoned before the magistrate. He stood at his desk, in a dignified manner—a stout, jolly red-faced German gentleman—with our passports in his hand, and, in a solemn way, he said: 'Ladies and gentlemen, you are accused of travelling under assumed names. This is a serious charge, and I must immediately enter upon the inquest. You had better confess your misdemeanour, as I shall easily ascertain the fact.' After this preamble he turned towards me, and inquired, putting a pair of spectacles on his nose, 'What is your name?' 'Mary Smith,' I said boldly, with a light curtsey. 'Mary Smith!' he repeated emphatically, and looked into the passport. 'Mary Smith!' why this is really the name of the passport. Where from?' 'From Pesth.' 'Where to?' 'To Semlin.' 'For what purpose?' 'To visit friends.' After every one of my answers, he again looked into the passport, and said, rather astonished, 'But everything is correct.' After Mrs. W——— and Mr. M——— had gone through the same process, the magistrate turned to the sergeant, and sternly reproached him for having dared to interfere with peaceable travellers, whose passports were entirely regular He turned then towards us, and dismissed us, with an apology that he had detained us. The sergeant grumbled and mumbled something about his orders; we bowed, and withdrew."

—— THRESHING FLOOR IN THE EAST.—We left the plain of Hinnis by a pass through the mountain range of Zernak. In the valleys we found clusters of black tents belonging to the nomad Kards, and the hill sides were covered with their flocks. The summit of a high peak overhanging the road is occupied by the ruins of a castle, formerly held by Kurdish chiefs, who levied black mail on travellers, and carried their depredations into the plains. On reaching the top of the pass we had an uninterrupted view of the Subhan Dhan. From the village of Karagol, where we halted for the night, it rose abruptly before us. This magnificent peak with the rugged mountains of Kurdistan, the river Euphrates winding through the plain, the peasants driving the oxen over the ocean on the threshing floor, and the groups of Kurdish horsemen with their long spears and flowing garments formed one of those scenes of eastern travel which leave an indelible impression on the imagination, and bring back in after years indescribable feelings of pleasure and repose. The threshing-floor, which added so much to the beauty and interest of the picture at Karagol, had been seen in all the villages we had passed during our day's journey. The abundant harvest had been gathered in, and the corn was now to be threshed and stowed for the winter. The process adopted is simple, and nearly such as it was in patriarchal times. The children either drive horses round and round over the heaps, or, standing upon a sledge stuck full of sharp flints on the under part, are drawn by oxen over the scattered sheaves. Such were "the threshing-sledges armed with teeth," mentioned by Isaiah. In no instance are the animals muzzled—"thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn:" but they linger to pick up a scanty mouthful as they are urged on by the boys and young girls, to whom the duties of the threshing floor are chiefly assigned. The grain is winnowed by the men and women, who throw the corn and straw together into the air with a wooden shovel, leaving the wind to carry the chaff whilst the seed falls to the ground. The wheat is then raked into heaps, and left on the threshing floor until the tithe-gatherer has taken his portion.—*Layard's Discoveries in the Ruins of Nineveh and Babylon.*

—— THE REV. H. W. GARNET IN JAMAICA.—We learn from the *Gateshead Observer*, that Mr. Garnet, who dwelt for a time in Newcastle, has written to friends in that town, from Sterling, Westmoreland, Jamaica.

"After a long life of wandering up and down (says this fugitive slave), we are at last *at home*, to speak after the manner of men. Permit me briefly to tell you that our local situation is not unlike some of your country parsonages in the North of England, with the addition of a rich foliage peculiar to a tropical country, which is

'Dress'd in living green and never-fading flowers;'

or, I should rather say, of flowers that are replenished as often as they fade. We were greatly and agreeably surprised with our new home. The church is large, and built of white free-stone; the school-house is comfortable; and our dwelling is a little too English for comfort in this climate. We have grounds, consisting of some three acres, surrounded by a hedge of cactus and stately old trees, which, if my (English) friends could see, would draw from them exclamations of high commendation. We are situated in a plain, with hills all round us on three sides, and the other opening to the sea, eight miles distant. The people are kind and painfully polite. They are attentive hearers; and, as I am the only black man in this vicinity in the position of a minister, they look upon me as a prodigy, and, strange to say, they call me 'buckra' (white), which is certainly a singular title to give *me*. Many of the old people who served in Slavery have called, and wept tears of gratitude to God for permitting them to see this day. One said, 'O! minister, I hope you will never leave us.' But, after all, it must be admitted that this beautiful and fruitful country is in ruins, morally and commercially. God is now settling a long account which he has against the people. Licentiousness prevails to a horrid extent. * * So you see the missionary has a strong tide to stem. We intend to start a class for females next week. We hope to be able to keep a number continually under our charge. They need much instruction in domestic economy."

——AUTHORS IN FRANCE.—"All property is theft," is the axiom of M. Proudhon, except—it would seem—in the case of his own property. *That* is sacred. For M Proudhon some years since sold certain printed sheets of his own writing to a grocer for waste paper: sold them at twenty centimes the kilogramme to a grocer named Renaud. This grocer subsequently sold them to an old book dealer named Baudot for forty centimes the kilogramme, leaving him to understand that he had the right to publish the work; and Baudot sold them to M. Tubergue then, instead of using them as waste paper, resolved to bring them out as a book; but M. Proudhon, on hearing of this, complained that it was a fraud on him, and he caused the copies, about 1,500 in number, to be seized. He then brought an action before the tribunal of commerce of Besancon against M. Tubergue, and obtained damages. The bookseller appealed to the court of appeal of that city, and the case was argued a few days ago. It was contended on his behalf, that having bought the paper and the impression on it, without any condition being imposed, he was entitled to make out such use of it as he pleased, and that M. Proudhon could have no claim whatsoever on him, as he had not treated with him, and as besides he (Proudhon) had been paid for the sale he had effected. M. Proudhon, who pleaded his own case, maintained that he had only sold waste paper, not the property in the book. The court, however, held that the question of literary property did not arise, that the sole point was as the interpretation of a contract; and it decided that as Tubergue (an old book dealer who had re-purchased the sheets of a grocer) had purchased without the condition being imposed that they were to be used as waste paper, and without there being anything in them to indicate that they were to be so employed, the judgment of the tribunal should be quashed, and the demand of M. Proudhon be dismissed.—*Lloyd's Weekly.*